

THE
CHOICE SPIRIT'S
CHAPLET:

OR, A
Poesy from Parnassus.

BEING
A SELECT COLLECTION OF SONGS,

FROM

The most approved AUTHORS;

MANY of them WRITTEN and the WHOLE

COMPILED BY

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, Esq;

WHITEHAVEN:

Printed by and for JOHN DUNN; and Sold by
Messrs. HAWES, CLARKE, and COLLINS, in
Pater-noster-Row, LONDON.

MDCCLXXI.

THE
CHOICE SPIRITS
OF
CHAPLAIN

Poetry from the Manuscripts

A SELECT COLLECTION OF SONGS



The most elegant and the whole
many of them written and the whole

compiled by
GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENSON, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE
added by and for John Danks; and sold by
Messrs. H. & C. Clark, and Co. in
Paternoster-Row, London.

MDCCLXXI.

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THE
CHOICE SPIRIT'S CHAPLET.

SONG I.

The SCHOOL of ANACREON.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent
stand.

My sons, (began the sage) be this the rule :
No brow austere must dare approach my school ;
Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within ;
Old care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

A I R.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise :
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own ;
I was born for them alone.

† A

Bus'ness,

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
 Give 'em to the fools I hate :
 But let love, let life be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine ;
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say :
 Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy :
 So shall love, shall life be mine ;
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

S O N G 2.

B ID me when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;
 When from my head the scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;
 When the warm blood that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on and free,
 Languid and slow scarce steals along,
 Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the various scene,
 Of frost and snow, of rage and fire ;
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age should reason, youth desire :
 Shall then that rebel man presume,
 Inverting Nature's laws, to seize
 The joys of age, in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?

No, let me waste the present day,
 In wanton joys and wild excess ;
 In mirth and sport and laughter gay,
 And smiles and rosy chearfulness.

Woman

[3]

Woman, the soul of all delights !
 And wine, the aid of love, be near ;
 All charms me that to love excites,
 And ev'ry she that's kind is fair.

S O N G 3.

RECITATIVE.

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,
 Dull self-denying fools I scorn :
 The proffer'd bliss I ne'er refuse ;
 'Tis often troublesome to chuse.
 Lov'st thou, my friend, love at sight ;
 Drink'st thou, this bumper does thee right.
 At random with the stream I flow,
 And play my part where-e'er I go.

A I R.

Great god of sleep since it must be,
 That we must give some hours to thee,
 Invade me not, while the free bowl
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul ;
 That be my only time to snore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more ;
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But O ! if melting in my arms,
 In some soft dream, with all her charms,
 The nymph belov'd should then surprise,
 And grant what waking she denies ;
 Then, gentle slumber, prithee stay,
 Slowly, ah, slowly bring the day !

A 2

Let

Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
Such sweet delusion's real joy.

SONG 4.

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty
face?
'Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd?
Prithce quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little, like folks of this world.

How can'st thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy;
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment, at once, and my passion, you
wrong;
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found
wit—
Ods-life must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak my fair Chloe, and what I writ,
shews,
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men, you know, child, the sun,
How, after his journey, he sets up his rest,
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

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So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way:
They are but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

S O N G 5.

CROWN me with the branching vine,
Round my temples let it twine;
See! the reeling god appears,
With Silenus, green in years:
Crown'd with joy, let them come,
Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!
Pour the fragrant oil, and shed
Od'rous perfumes on my head,
Cupid shall the skinker be;
Fill a glass, and give it me;
Fill out more, you little sot,
'Till it overlook the pot
Mingle love and soft desires,
Tender thoughts and am'rous fires;
Let not jealousy intrude,
Trivial joys or noisy feud:
But let's drink, and be divine,
Let our brother Phœbus shine;
Drink like him, like him appear,
Fresh and blooming all the year,
Gay and smiling full of life,
Easy, quiet, free from strife;

Fraught with friendship, fraught with love,
 Let the hours successive move,
 Passing unregarded on,
 Nor repine at what is gone;
 But the present hour employ,
 With wine, or love's alternate joy!
 Thus content if rigid fate
 Calls us from our happy state,
 We'll drink our glass, and throw it down,
 And die without a single frown.

S O N G 6.

YE good fellows all
 Who love to be told where there's claret
 good store,
 Attend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted with six bottles more:
 Be sure you don't pass the good house Money-
 gla's,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns;
 'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what
 would you more,
 Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire
 Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses, who oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine for lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear,
 Come, I'll shew you, how Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
 For what mortal so stupid, as not to quit Cupid,
 When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire
 Jones?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Though all you get by't is a dinner oftimes,
In reward for your rhymes, with Humphry the
duke ;

Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
Forfake all the muses, those senseless old drones ;

Our jingling of glasses your rhyming surpasses,
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers,
'Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though not plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout of all your commanders,
Who serv'd us in Flanders and eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your rattling, of fighting and
battling,
And know you had much better to sleep with whole
bones ;

Were you sent to Gibraltar, your note you'd
soon alter,
And wish for good claret and bumpers, 'Squire
Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate clear,
How worthy to rise, you preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek above once in a year,
Come here without failing, and leave off your
railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones :
Says the text so divine, what is life without wine ?
Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire
Jones.

Ye lawyers so just.
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,

How worthy of trust, you know black from
 white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to
 be fee'd;
 Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's
 courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their throne,
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris, with all your damn'd
 entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and
 grimace,

When e'er you prescribe, have at your devotion,
 Pills, bolus, or potion, be what will the case :

Pray where is the need to purge, blister and
 bleed,

When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen are not so prevailing,
 As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire
 Jones.

Ye fox-hunters, eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake before they're awake,
 To beat up the brake where the vermin is found,
 Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Dutches and
 Trueman,

No music is found in such dissonant tones :

Would you ravish your ears with the songs of
 spheres ?

Hark ! away to the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

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SONG 7.

THE man that is drunk, is void of all care ;
 He needs neither Parthian quiver nor spear :
 The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield :

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
 Incumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun ;
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
 Should he in Apulia's forest appear :
 In Africa's desert there never was seen
 A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
 Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine,
 O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat :

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
 Where the earth is with winter eternally bound,
 Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require :
 My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules ;
 Who minds 'em but damn'd philosophical fools ?
 For when I am old, and can no more drink,
 'Tis time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
 For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain;
 His sorrow he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
 And when he was drunk then the world was his
 own.

This world is a tavern with liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be drunk as a lord;
 My life is the reck'ning, which freely I pay,
 And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.

S O N G 8

WHILE Phillis is drinking, love and wine
 in alliance,

With forces united, bid resistless defiance;
 By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
 And her eyes from her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her cheeks the brighter, recruiting their colour,
 As flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh odour;
 His dart dipt in wine, love wounds beyond curing,
 And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more
 enduring.

By cordials of wine love is kept from expiring,
 And our mirth is enliven'd by love and desiring,
 Relieving each other, the pleasure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-talking.

Then Phillis, begin, let our raptures abound,
 And a kiss and a glass be still going round;
 Our joys are immortal, while thus we remove
 From love to the bottle, from the bottle to love.

S O N G

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SONG 9.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul;
 To the nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young.

When full cups my care expel;
 Sober counsels then farewell:
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine;
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.

When from goblets deep and wide
 I exhaust the generous tide,
 All my soul unbends,—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

When the foaming bowl I drain,
 Real blessings are my gain;
 Blessings which my own I call,
 Death is common to us all.

SONG 10.

BANISH sorrow, let's drink, and be merry boys,
 Time flies swift, to-morrow brings care ;
 If you believe it,
 Drink, and deceive it,
 Wine will relieve it,
 And drown despair.

C H O R U S .

*The sweets of wine are found in possessing,
 Its juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing :
 The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in
 A bumper or two with a chearful friend.*

'Tis wine gives strength, when nature's exhausted,
 Heals the sick man, frees the slave ;
 Makes the stiff stumble,
 And the proud humble,
 Exalts the meek,
 And makes cowards brave.
 Chorus, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover ;
 Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise ;
 She'll cry, you'll undo her,
 But be a brisk wooer,
 Attack her, pursue her,
 You'll gain the prize,
 Chorus, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow,
 Then who'd omit the pleasing task ?
 Since wine's sweet society
 Eases anxiety,
 Damn dull sobriety,
 Bring t'other flask.
 Chorus, &c.

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SONG II.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack,
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do ;
 I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars or constellations ;
 For I am not Sir Sidrophel,
 Nor one of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys ;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds intwine,
 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my faints are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

SONG 12.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a fair country-town,
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

C H O R U S.

*May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

In a country-town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the sea at a distance, on which I may look;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
 And clean though coarse linen at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming
 liquor,

And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy's wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
 And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when
 mellow,

He is gone and han't left behind him his fellow.

*For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

SONG 13.

TWO gods of great honour, Bacchus and
 Apollo,
 The one fam'd in music the other in wine,
 In heaven were raving, disputing and braving,
 Whose theme was the noblest, and trade most
 divine.

Your music, says Bacchus, would stun us and rack
 us,

Did claret not soften the discord you make;
 Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,
 'Till poets of my great influence partake.

I'm young, plump and jolly, free from melancholy.
 Who ever grew fat by the sound of a string?
 Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, do often contribute
 To purchase a bottle before they do swing.

In love I am noted, by old and young courted;
 A girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won;
 So great are the motions of one of my potions,
 The muses, though maids, I could whore ev'ry
 one.

When mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted
 To me as a father, for succour they cry;
 In their sad condition, I hear their petition;
 A bottle relieves the oppress'd votary.

Then leave off your tooting, your fiddling and
 fluting,

Asidelay your harp, and bow down to the flask;
 My joys they are riper than songs from a piper,
 What music is sweeter than sounding a cask?

Says Phoebus, This fellow, is drunk sure, or mellow,
To prize music less than wine and october,
Since those who love drinking are void of all
thinking,
And want so much sense as to keep themselves
sober.

Thus while they were wrangling, disputing, and
jangling,
Came buxom bright Venus to end the dispute:
Says she, now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd
me,
When arm'd with a bottle and charm'd with a
flute.

[me,
Your music has charm'd me, your wine has alarm'd
When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won;
When both have been moving, I could not help
loving,
And wine has compleated what music begun.

The gods struck with wonder, declar'd by Jove's
thunder,
They'd mutually join in supplying love's flame;
So each in their function, mov'd on in conjunction,
To melt with soft pleasure the amorous dame.

S O N G 14.

OBSERVE the rose-bud ere it blows,
While the dawn glimmers o'er the sky
Observe its filken leaves unfold,
As fond of day's majestic eye!

At noon, more bold, in fullest bloom,
It spreads a gale of sweets around;

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At eve it mourns the setting sun,
And sheds its honour on the ground.

So beauty's bashful bud appears,
So blushes in the eye of praise;
So ripens in the noon of life,
And wither'd so in age decays.

Time is the canker-worm of youth,
It bites the blossom as it grows,
It blasts the flow'r that blooms at full,
And rudely sheds the falling rose.

See, beauty, see! how love and joy
On youth's light pinions haste away;
How swift the moments glide along,
And age advances with delay!

Now, beauty, crop the rose-bud now,
And catch the essence as it flies;
Let pleasure revel in its bloom,
Let time possess it when it dies.

SONG 15.

CLARISSA's charms poor Strephon struck;
He fain would have been billing:
But yet the fair the lad forsook,
To show her power of killing.

Forth from her eyes such beauties start,
They mortal man confounded:
The youths were whipp'd quite through the heart,
Ere they knew they were wounded.

But when old Time, with scythe so sharp,
 Had cross the forehead struck her,
 And ev'ry charm began to warp,
 The striplings all forsook her.

Oh ! then the hag began to curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better,
 Yet still before that bad grew worse,
 She hop'd some youth would take her.

But hopes are vain when beauty's gone ;
 No lovers now assail her ;
 We never into prison run,
 But when we like the jailor,

Then, cruel fair ones, think how soon,
 You'll this sad case remember ;
 The bedfellow you hate in June,
 Would warm you in December.

SONG 16.

WHEN I drain th' oblivious bowl,
 Pleasures wing my raptur'd soul,
 My tongue, which love and wine inspire,
 By turns relieves the silver lyre.
 When Bacchus fires me with delight,
 Grief shakes her sable wings for flight ;
 And wrinkling cares then wing their way
 To winds that tempest all the sea.
 Be it fair abroad, or foul,
 All is fair within my soul.
 When I swill the rosy show'r,
 Life exerts her ev'ry pow'r.
 Bacchus, full of mirthful play,
 Ever smiling, ever gay,

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His round, plump, chearful face does shine,
 Rosy bright with rosy wine.
 To the blissful bow'r I fly,
 With the fair to crown my joy.
 When the Nectar streams I taste,
 With rosy wreaths my temples grac'd,
 Smiling, gay my soul serene,
 Of life I sing the various scene.
 When in wine I drown my woes,
 Balmy fragrance round me flows ;
 While to my breast the fair does cling,
 Of beauty, and of love I sing.

When the wreath'd rosy bowl I drain,
 Pleasures dart through ev'ry vein ;
 My free soul at large expands,
 In dance I join the choral bands.

S O N G 17.

HARK! hark! the huntsman sounds his horn,
 Let's tippie away the rosy morn, ton,
 ton, ton,

We'll hunt the bottle from sun to sun,
 And halloo the glasses the course to run.

Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young toper a huntsman shall be,
 And instead of a green, wear a red liv'ry, ton, ton, &c.
 We'll scorn their bows, their arrows, and guns,
 We'll hunt with long pipes, and ride upon tuns.

Ton, ton, &c.

We'll charge with tobacco, and follow the cry,
 Till failing of speed, the bottle shall die, ton, ton, &c.
 And then for a horn make use of a bell,
 Whose clangour shall rouse him, and make him
 run well.

Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd, we'll merrily sing,
And joining in chorus make the woods ring, ton, &c.
Our game we'll eagerly pursue,
Our glasses filling, our cause renew.

Ton, ton, &c.

Our song shall reach the distant plain,
And echo shall summon the weary swain, ton, &c.
The welcome sport he gladly hears,
His toil and labour no more fears.

Ton, ton, &c.

A pipe he takes, and charges high,
And after the bottle does nimbly fly, ton, ton &c.
At length, with equal force and speed,
He makes the gen'rous victim bleed.

Ton, ton, &c.

As through the wound the blood does pass,
He boldly ventures to fill his glass, ton, ton, &c.
Nor fears to taste the flowing gore,
But hunting and drinking, still hunts for more,

Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your glasses merrily round,
Since thus supply'd with hare and hound, ton, &c.
While chearful Bacchus leads us on,
We'll follow in chorus with sprightly ton, ton.

Ton, ton, ton.

S O N G 18.

HAIL! Burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspirer of my song!
The praises given to other wine,
To thee alone belong;
Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Thou canst the power improve;
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent vines,
 From whence thy current streams,
 Sweet smiling through the tendril shines,
 And lavish darts his beams;
 The pregnant grape receives his fires,
 And all his force retains;
 With that same warmth our brains inspires,
 And animates our strains.

From thee my Chloe's radiant eye
 New sparkling beams receives;
 Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,
 Her beauteous bosom heaves
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
 Oh with what nervous heat,
 Worthy the fair, we fill their arms;
 And oft our bliss repeat!

The Stoic, prone to thought intense,
 Thy softness can unbind,
 A cheerful gaiety dispense,
 And makes him taste a friend,
 His brow grows clear, he feels content,
 Forgets his pensive strife;
 And then concludes his time well spent,
 In honest social life.

E'en beaux, those soft amphibious things,
 Wrapt up in self and dress,
 Quite lost to the delight that springs
 From sense, thy pow'r confess;
 The fop with chitty maudlin face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his queue and stiff grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

SONG

SONG 19.

DRINK about, my dear friend,
 For, I pray, to what end
 Stands useless the full flowing bowl ?
 Leave your sorrows behind,
 Give your cares to the wind,
 And drink to each jolly brave soul.

For Alcide the fam'd,
 Who monsters all tam'd,
 And bound the stout porter of hell ;
 Though immortal his line,
 Had it not been for wine,
 Might, like them he conquer'd, have fell,

Though Achilles the great,
 When he fought at such rate,
 He slew the great Hector of Troy ;
 'Twas the grape's potent juice
 Made him wonders produce,
 And Priam's whole race to destroy.

Neoptolemus too
 The same steps did pursue,
 And trac'd the fam'd heroes of yore,
 He'd in drinking relax,
 And then Pyrrhus's acts
 Were as great as his father's before.

And Ulysses the fly
 Had been drinking, (for why)
 When the Trojan Palladium he stole,
 For his subtle thoughts sprung,
 If e'er Ajax but sung
 The charms of a sparkling full bowl.

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Since in drinking we find
 There's a charm for the mind,
 Let Bacchus then join in his train,
 Drink my lads, drink about,
 Let us see the bowl out,
 And once more we'll fill it again,

S O N G 20.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
 mirth,

Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth;
 What mortals so happy, as we who combine,
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine?
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not inforc'd by the crown,
 And we stand to them fair, 'till we fairly fall down;
 At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine:
 To Cæsar and Bacchus, our tribute is due,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 To Cæsar, &c.

His worship so grave here may revel and roar,
 The lawyer speak truth, who ne'er spoke so before;
 The parson here stript of his priesthood's disguise,
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate,

If wars rise among us, they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue;
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 'Tis this, &c.

SONG 21. THE CHOICE SPIRITS LOTTERY.

YE national schemers, a while give me leave,
 A scheme I'll advance that shall no one
 deceive;

No humbug, I mean, set on foot by the great,
 Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of the state.

No H——ds your tickets divide into shares,
 To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
 No blanks to depress you come in my design,
 The wheel is good humour'd—the prize is good
 wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must
 accrue

To a people who always give Bacchus his due?
 Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
 The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
 The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain;
 'Tis wine gives us wit and enobles our sense,
 And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence,

The hero aspires to conquest and arms,
 The lover despises his mistress's charms;
 The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
 Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the wine,
 Then

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
 You are sure of a prize for no more than a crown ;
 Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree,
 To take off the hyp, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,
 To be happy for once—steal a crown from himself.
 Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
 The whole course is a blank—here you're sure
 of a prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whatever may please,
 Leave your sighing and care, here you'll quickly
 find ease ;
 Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
 This evening we draw, Sir, at—Comus's hall.

S O N G 22.

AT noon one sultry summer's day,
 The brightest lady of the May,
 Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
 Sat knotting in a shade.
 Each slender finger play'd its part,
 With such activity and art,
 As would enflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.
 Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
 He saw no anger in her eye,
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid.
 She let her ivory needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball ;
 But strait gave Strephon such a call,
 As would have rais'd the dead.

† C

Dear

Dear, gentle youth, there's none but thee,
 With innocence, I dare be free;
 By so much truth and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd.
 Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
 While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou mayst securely take a nap :
 Which he, poor fool, obey'd.
 She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er;
 She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
 But starting up, she said,
 Such virtue shall rewarded be ;
 For this thy dull fidelity,
 I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me ;
 Pursue thy grazing trade ;
 Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me, mistaken maid.

S O N G 23.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
 That love to tope good wine,
 Let us offer up a hogthead
 Unto our master's shrine.
 And a-toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
 For I'll give a reason why ;
 'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
 'Till we've drank the cellar dry.
 And a-toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
 I drank the water clear;
 But Bacchus took me from that rule,
 He thought 'twas too severe.
 And a-toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
 And bade me take a sup,
 But had it been a gallon-pot,
 By Jove I'd tofs'd it up.
 And a-toping, &c.

And ever since that happy time,
 Good wine has been my cheer;
 Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
 But water or small beer.
 And a-toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
 And never flinch, nor fly;
 But fill our skins brimful of wine,
 And drain the bottles dry.
 And a toping, &c.

S O N G . 24.

LET a fet of sober asses
 Rail against the joys of drinking,
 While water, tea,
 And milk agree,
 To fet cold brains a-thinking;
 Power and wealth,
 Beauty, health,

C 2

Wit

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd :
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found
 Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion ;
 But wiser rules
 Of modern schools,
 In wine fix their dominion.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
 Makes poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship do its duty. Power, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon,
 Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
 'Twas no other main,
 Than brisk champaign,
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too. Power, &c.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
 All kinds of ill had sent us,
 In a merry mood,
 A bottle of good,
 Was cork'd up, to content us. Power, &c.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
 Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
 Gives dullard's wit,
 Makes just the cit,
 Truth forces from the lawyer. Power, &c.

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Wine sets our joys a flowing,
 Our care and sorrow drowning.
 Who rails at the bowl,
 Is a Turk in's soul,
 And a Christian ne'er should own him :
 Pow'r and wealth, &c.

SONG 25.

BY drinking drive dull care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary
 In your tempers, but be gay.
 Let mirth know no cessation ;
 We all were born (mankind agree)
 From dull reflection to be free ;
 But he that drinks not cannot be :
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals
 Then all your whining,
 Wishing, striving
 To embrace what beauty yields,
 Is left when in possession ;
 But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its worth,
 We always, wish'd for't from our birth,
 And shall for ever wish on.

All malice here is flung aside,
 Each takes his glass,
 No healths do pass,
 No party-feuds here e'er abide,
 They nought but ill occasion ;

We only meet to celebrate
 The day which brought us to this state,
 But not to curse nor yet to hate
 The hour of our creation.

SONG 26. To the READER.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

To any tune you can find will suit it.

ACCCEPT of these ballads, dear sir, from a
 friend ;
 From an oddity, whom, or to blame or commend,
 No mortal e'er gave himself trouble.
 Praise is but a vapour, and censure the same,
 And each lunatic schemer, who pines after fame,
 But makes himself vanity's bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-ink-itch, is a crime,
 Yet heaven forgive each poor sinner in rhyme,
 I no more can help writing than eating.
 By a mad poet bit I rave out in verse,
 As 'prentices, crack-brain'd, theatric rehearse,
 All be-Barry'd, Othello repeating.

Parnassus and Pegasus, cold Hyppocrene,
 Are words only form'd to give school-boys the
 spleen,

By the curl-pated pedant Apollo,
 Let the nine muses slide o'er the smooth-shav'n
 glades,

No aid I'll accept from those tea drinking maids,
 But Bacchus with bumpers I'll follow.

The

The Epic, Iambic, Pindaric and Sapphic,
 Are patterns of poetry wherewith bards traffick,
 With many more names that are harder,
 But what are all these to a beef and wine feast ?
 The dainties of Hesiod and Homer's a jest,
 Compar'd to the wit of a larder.

That, I always prefer to a classical treat,
 Not cur-like, the shadow exchange for the meat,
 There's more wit in eating than thinking.
 Pray what are all similies, to a surloin ?
 Or the what-d'ye-call stream, to a stream of good
 wine ?
 For merit is center'd in drinking.

The choice-spirit Horace has made us some verses,
 And rustical Roundelays Virgil rehearses,
 To be sure they have said some things clever.
 But what are all rhymes to a round of good toasts,
 And then for the metaphors—we've boil'd and
 roast,
 So beef and a bumper for ever.

SONG 27. THE COUNTRY WAKE.

COME lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
 Away to the may-pole hie ;
 For every he, has got him a she,
 And a fiddler standing by :
 There's Willy has got his Jill, and Johnny has
 got his Joan,
 To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down.

Begin says Harry, aye, aye, says Mary,
 We'll lead up Packington's pound ;

No,

No, no, says Nell, and no says Doll,
 We'll first have St. Ledger's round :
 Then every man did put—his hat off to his lads,
 And every maid did curt'fy, curt'fy, curt'fy on
 the grass.

Strike up says Watt, agreed says Kate,
 I pray the fiddler play :
 Content says Hodge, and so says Madge,
 For this is a holiday :
 Then every man began—to foot it round about,
 And every maid did jetty it, jetty it, jetty it in
 and out.

You're out says Dick, you lie says Nick,
 The fiddler plays it false ;
 And so says Hugh, and so says Sue,
 And so says nimble Else :
 The fiddler then began—to play the tune again,
 And every maid did trip it, trip it, trip it unto
 the men.

Let's kifs says Nan, content says Jane,
 And so says every she ;
 How many says Nat, why three says Matt,
 For this is a maiden's fee :
 But they instead of three, did give them half a
 score,
 The men in kindness, kindness, kindness, gave
 them as many more.

Then after an hour they went to a lower
 To play for ale and cakes :
 And kisses too—until they were due,
 The lasses held the stakes :

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The women then began—to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back and give
them their own again."

Thus, thus they sat, until it was late,
And tir'd the fiddler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night :
They told the fiddler then, they'd pay him for
his play,
And each gave two pence, two pence, two
pence, two pence and went their way.

Good night says Ciss, good night says Priss,
Good night says Harry to Doll ;
Good night says John, good night says Joan,
Good night says every one :
Some ran, some went, some staid ; some tarry'd
by the way ;
Each bound themselves in kisses twelve, to
meet the next holiday.

SONG 28. A TECHNICAL, BIBBICAL
CLASSICAL Ballad.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune: *Johnny Adair of Kilternan.*

NOW we are free from College rules,
From systems out of season ;
From lumber of the lying schools,
And syllogistic reason :
Never more we'll have defin'd
If matter thinks or thinks not ;
All the matter we shall mind,
Is he who drinks, or drinks nat.

Meta-

Metaphysical to trace,
 The mind or soul abstracted ;
 Or prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected.
 Better souls we can't become,
 By immaterial thinking ;
 And as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words and rare too ;
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those that please, may hear too.
A plenum in our wine we show,
 With *plus* and *plus* behind, fir ;
 And when our cash is *minus* low,
 A *vacuum* soon we find, fir.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colours knew, fir ;
 Don't let us disturb our heads,
 We will but study two, fir.
 White and red our glasses boast,
 True humour's rarefaction ;
 After him we'll name our toast,
 The centre of attraction.

On that *thesis* we'll declaim,
 With *Stratum super stratum* ;
 There's magic in the mighty name,
 'Tis nature's *postulatum*.
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;
 First though physically prove,
 That *tempus est bibendum*.

SONG

SONG 29.

Tune: *Push about the brisk bowl, &c.*

BY the light of the moon t'other ev'ning I stray'd
A mile by the side o'the brook ;
When Roger stept up with, how do you, fair maid ?
I peevishly answer'd, go look—go look—
I peevishly answer'd, go look.

Nay, nay, he reply'd, why so angry with me ?
I know you meet Robin the cook ;
It may be you now are a waiting for he.
In a passion I answer'd, go look—go look—
In a passion I answer'd, go look.

Quoth he, you love music, I've heard them to say ;
And out he an instrument took——
D'ye think, said he, Bob or I better can play ?
I answer'd him fellow, go look—go look—
I answer'd him fellow, go look.

But resolute grown, he seiz'd fast o'my hand,
And forc'd me sit down in the nook ;
And sweet, said he, tell me what tunes you
command.
You puppy, I answer'd go look—go look—
You puppy, I answer'd go look.

But soon, with his flute, he so ravish'd my heart,
That I never dreamt more of the cook ;
And those who imagine I've told but a part,
For the rest of the story may look—may look—
For the rest of the story may look.

SONG

SONG 30. *Entitled, BARBADOES VOLUNTEERS : by an officer of the corps that went upon the expedition against Martinico.—*

To the same tune, as the foregoing song.

MY lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood,
'Tis the blood of a soldier that warms you,
Remember, my lads, that your quarrel is good,
'Tis the cause of your country that arms you,
My boys, &c. &c.

Our brothers of Europe, by sea and by land,
All over the globe are victorious :
Hark ! from us of Barbadoes an aid they demand,
And we too will dare to be glorious.

For shall we no more but our pedigree claim,
From heroes who figur'd of old ?
We'll prove our descent by maintaining their fame,
By actions as hardy and bold.

To save Martinico, the trembling monfieurs
Their incroachments would gladly furrender ;
But treacherous treaties, and falshood like theirs,
Now only true conquest can hinder.

Then haste, my brave boys, glorious Moncton to
Already the army is near ; [join,
The season for us and for seamen is fine,
'Tis the foe has a tempest to fear.

Then, lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood,
'Tis the blood of a Soldier that warms you ;
Remember, my lads, that your quarrel is good,
'Tis the cause of your country that arms you,
My boys, &c.

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SONG 31.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
dawn,

The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away ;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
I'll warrant he shews us some play :
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em my
bloods ;
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth fee he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find ;
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn ;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
See his brush, how it drops !—see his
tongue ;—

His speed can no longer avail ;
Who of late was so cunning and strong—

† D

From

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See they tear him—bemir'd—forlorn——
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

SONG 32. THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

IN various shapes I've oft been known,
 To please your ears and eyes ;
 Nor I the only one in town,
 That wears the black disguise.
Sweep ! sweep ! sweep !——soot ho !

In spite of mocks, or flouts, or fleers,
 A truth I must impart ;
 No chimney half so foul appears,
 As doth the human heart.

The learned lawyers could I win
 To give their briefs to me ;
 From foul demurs, and many a sin,
 My brush shou'd set them free.

Observe the doctors as they roll,
 To scrape from all degrees ;
 Much sweeping wants each sooty soul,
 All clogg'd with filthy fees.

Behold yon priest, so neat and trim,
 That vicious reverend beau !——
 There's no such thing as cleansing him,
 The Devil and I do know.

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The statesman with that brow severe,
Had been as well forgot ;——
His conscience is as ermin clear,
d, And therefore needs me not.

SONG 33. A HUNTING CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE high pois'd lark, salutes the opening
dawn ;

The dripping cowslips rear their dewy heads ;
Across the copse the ruddy milkmaid chants,
And Phœbus tints with gold his Wicklow hills.

AIR.

With well scented hounds, and with jolly-ton'd-
horn,

We'll rouse the proud stag with the first of the morn.
See, see from the covert, how stoutly he springs :
Hark ! hark ! the pack opens ;—'tis music for kings.
With scorn and disdain how he snuffs up the wind,
He leaps the park wall, and he throws us behind.
No more he perceives us, gets rid of his pain ;
Tan ta ra, says echo !——They're with you again.

Thro' woodlands then he leads the sweep,
He fords the river, climbs the steep ;
The brow he gains——he stops——he turns,
He fears——he pants——he chills——he burns

To the herd then he scours amain ;
His suit to the herd proves in vain ;
He faints !——he drops !——the huntsman cries
Dead ! dead ! ware Haunch !——he dies, he dies.

SONG 34.

WHEN Jenny the gay I first courted to
wed,

Whole reams I of love to her sent ;
But back she return'd them, and scornfully said,
That she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

Resolv'd not to give up the matter so tame,
I follow'd wherever she went ;
At the park—at the play—at the rout 'twas
the same ;
Still she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

Her maid was my friend ; and advis'd me to hope ;
Or else I had quitted the scent ;
For my tale she wou'd stop, if my lips I did ope,
With——she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

But Molly, in lieu of a handful of gold,
In the chamber of Jenny me pent ;
Three long hours and more I lay shiv'ring with
cold,
That the girl might know what the fool meant,

But what are these hours, nay threescore and three,
To be crown'd at the last with content ;——
Young Jenny's no longer hard hearted to me,
Since I shew'd her what 'twas the fool meant.

SONG

SONG 35.

Tune : *The old Woman of Grimstone.*

POLITICIANS may prate
 On affairs of the state,
 And wrangle and make a great rout ;
 But our voices we'll join
 In the praise of good wine,
 So my friends push the bottle about, *brave boys,*
So my friends push the bottle about.

'Tis this makes us bold,
 And will keep out the cold,
 Such virtues in claret combine ;
 While the flask is in view,
 Our joys are still new,
 And our cares are all drown'd in good wine, &c.

That fellow's an ass,
 Who would sneak from his glass,
 For some insolent Chloe to whine ;
 Let him come no more here,
 For by Bacchus I swear,
 He's not worthy to taste of our wine, &c.

The nectar of old,
 That so much is extoll'd,
 Which the deities drink when they dine ;
 Let none hence deceive ye,
 For if you'll believe me,
 Their nectar's no more than good wine, &c.

Those hero's so stout,
 Who our enemies rout,

And to glory so much do incline ;
 Was the flask out of sight,
 They no longer could fight,
 So the praise is all due to good wine, &c.

The poet whose wit,
 Each humour can hit,
 Who with rapture makes flow ev'ry line ;
 What tho' he may chuse,
 Other names for his muse,
 Yet the name of the muse---is good wine, &c.

The priest so devout,
 His text to help out,
 Seeks relief in his cardinal fine ;
 After taking a sup,
 From a full flowing cup,
 Cries " There's nothing on earth like good wine,"
 &c.

To sum up my song,
 That you mayn't think it long,
 Tho' the subject you'll own is divine ;
 From the east to the west
 By all folks 'tis confest,
 That there's nothing can equal good wine, *brave*
boys, &c.

S O N G 36. A HUNTING CANTATA.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
 Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes
 The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear,
 The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,
 And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

A I R.

The hounds are unkennel'd, and now,
 Thro' the copse and the furze will we lead,
 'Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
 I told you so didn't I?—see where he flies :
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.
 Let the horn's jolly sound
 Encourage the hound,
 And float thro' the echoing skies.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The chace began, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
 Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard ;
 'Till the dead notes proclaim the fallen prey,
 Then---to the sportive 'squire's capacious bowl.

A I R.

O'er that and old beer of his own,
 That is found, bright, and wholesome we'll sing,
 Drink success to great George and his crown,
 For each heart to a man's with the king.
 And next will we fill to Jove's favorite scene,
 The rich isle of Saints, Britannia I mean ;
 Where men, horses and hounds,
 Can be stopt by no bounds,
 For no spot on the earth e'er bred sporters so keen.

S O N G 37. BIG BELLY'D BOTTLE.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my las,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to
 my glafs ;
 To you men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
 And, if you don't like them why--let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare :
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair,
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own :
 But, tho' she cou'd smile, yet in truth she cou'd
 frown :

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd :
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
 For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
 But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends;
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are
 friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling and strife :
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring;
 And a big belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
 grave. Per-

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Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,
 She had left me to get an estate or a lord :
 But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and
 try.

SONG 38. On the BUCK HUNT in the
 COUNTY of LIMERICK.

Tune : *Laury Grogan.*

BY your leave, Laury Grogan,
 Enough has been spoken,
 It's time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet ;
 Come listen to mine, fir,
 Much truer than thine, fir,
 For these very eyes were upon it, upon it.
 It is of a Buck slain
 This very campaign,
 To let him live longer, were pity, were pity ;
 For head and for branches,
 For fat and for haunches,
 Exceeding a mayor of a city, a city.
 A council assembled,
 (Who'd think but he trembled)
 Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted ;
 Each his whip and cap on,
 And spurs made at Rippon||,
 The number full twenty, well counted, well
 counted. But

|| *A town famous for making spurs.*

But in legs he confiding,
 All efforts deriding;
 He thought himself safe as in bed, fir, in bed, fir;
 With a bounce off he goes,
 And toss'd up his nose;
 But Ringwood cry'd, lord help your head, fir, your
 head, fir.

Off scores we went bounding,
 Sweet horns were a sounding,
 Each youth fill'd the grove with a whoop and
 a holloo;
 Dubourg were he then there,
 Such sweet music to hear,
 Would leave his Cremona† and follow, and follow,
 Knockdiscan, Knockainy,
 And hills twice as many;
 We scamper'd o'er stone walls, o'er hedges, o'er
 ditches;
 He skimm'd o'er the grounds,
 But to baffle our hounds,
 Was ne'er yet in any Buck's breeches, Buck's
 breeches.

Four hours he held out,
 Most surprizingly stout,
 'Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted;
 His throat being cut up,
 And poor culprit put up,
 To the place whence he came was remitted,
 remitted.
 A place most enchanting,
 Where nothing was wanting,

† A place in Italy where the best fiddles are made:
 here put for the fiddle of the celebrated Mr. Dubourg.

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That poor hungry huntsman could wish for, could
wish for ;

Of delicate fare,

(Tho' numbers were there)

Yet every man was a dish for, a dish for.

We fell too with fury,

Like a long-famish'd jury,

Nor stay'd we for grace to our dinner, our dinner ;

The butler a sweating,

The knives all a whetting,

The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener.

The bumper went round,

With a beautiful sound,

Clink, clink, like sweet bells, went the glasses,
the glasses ;

We dispatch'd queen and king,

And each other fine thing,

To bumper the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.

There was sweet Sally Curry,

And Singleton Cherry,

Miss Croker, miss Bligh, and miss Pritty, miss
Pritty ;

With lovely miss Pierce,

That subject of verse,

Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.

With numberless more,

From fifteen to a score*,

O had you but seen them together, together ;

Such charms you'd discover,

You'd pity the Louvre†,

And offer St. James.† as a feather, a feather.

* Alluding to the ages of the ladies.

† The beauties at the courts of France and England.

The man of the house,
 And his beautiful spouse,
 May they live to give claret and venison, venison.
 And may honest Ned,
 There's no more to be said,
 Ne'er want the beggar's old benison, benison.
 Long prosper that county,
 The store house of bounty,
 Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make
 merry ;
 For jovial as we are
 We puff away all care,
 To poor busy Robin and Fleury, and Fleury*.

S O N G 39.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

ONE evening Good-humour brought Wit as a
 guest,
 By Friendship invited to share of the feast ;
 Their liquor was claret and Love was their host,
 And harmony garnish'd each double-meant toast.
 But while like true bucks they enjoy'd their
 design,
 For the joys of a buck lie in love, wit, and wine,
 Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock,
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd — pass
 Twelve o'clock.

They

* Sir Robert Walpole and Cardinal Fleury, one the
 prime minister of the court of England the other of
 that of France, at the time this ballad was wrote.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbin dog found,
 And upstairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound ;
 But when brought to the light, how much were
 they pleas'd,
 To find 'twas the grey-glutton Time they had
 seized.

His glafs for a lanthorn, his scythe for a pole,
 And a single lock dangled adown his smooth scull;
 My friends, quoth he, (coughing) I thought fit to
 knock,
 And bid you be gone—for 'tis past Twelve o'clock.

Says the venom-tooth'd Savage, on this advice fix,
 Tho' nature strikes Twelve, folly still points at Six,
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd
 bear it,
 So hid him at once in a hogthead of claret.

This is right, then says Wit, while we're yet in
 our prime,

There's nothing like claret for killing of time ;
 Huzza, replies Love, now no more can he knock,
 Nor impertinent tell us—'Tis past Twelve o'clock.

Since Time is no more, nor no more can forbid us,
 Wit and Love of that troublesome guest well
 have rid us ;

But if Time shou'd be wanting for any design,
 Henceforth he is found in a hogthead of wine.

Since Time is confin'd in our wine, let us think,
 By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink;
 Come, lads, let your glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
 Since we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

SONG 40. For the CATCH CLUB.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Come let us prepare.*

WHEN the deity's word,
Throughout Chaos was heard,
And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,
The spheres sung his praise,
Who from discord cou'd raise,
This Harmony, Harmony all, fir.

Each child of the earth,
The chorus sung forth,
Te-deums were gratefully given ;
Land, sea and skies rung,
With creation's glad song ;
And Harmony echo'd thro' heaven.

'Tis music, whose charms,
Each fierce passion disarms,
As we find by unhappy king Saul, fir,
When his harp David tun'd,
Madness sunk at the sound,
For sense comes at Harmony's call, fir.

The spider inflam'd,
Tarantula nam'd,
With his sting will each victim, appal, fir,
But music is sure,
The sad patient to cure,
For health comes at Harmony's call, fir.

Timotheus had skill,
'To curb Philip's son's will,
With a touch made his heart rise or fall, fir,

He

He in tune put his breast,
Then let Love do the rest,
For Love comes at Harmony's call, fir.

Euridice's swain,
By his sense-lulling strain,
Could the forest's wild tenants enthrall, fir,
Nay stones we can prove,
Will obedient move,
At Harmony's, Harmony's call, fir.

Man and beast will decay,
Rocks and seas sink away,
The great globe must to ruin resign, fir,
Yet in heaven above,
Still will music and love,
Eternal in Harmony join, fir.

This night let us strive,
To keep humour alive,
But first we'll this bumper dispatch, fir,
Let him, who sings best,
Sing a song for the rest,
Or join as he ought in a catch, fir.

S O N G 41. THE PIMPIAD.

Tune : *Come let us prepare.*

YE pimps, all draw near,
And I'll make it appear,
That a pimp is no rascally station ;
And that pimps we are all,
(I aver) great and small,
From the head to the tail of the nation.

The priest it is plain,
 For the lucre of gain,
 Dame religion exalts to the sky, firs,
 And will meekly declare,
 That no nymph is so fair,
 Tho' he knows all the time--- 'tis a lie, firs,

The grave judge on the bench,
 Will swear there's no wench,
 Like justice, so safe and so sound, firs,
 Tho' he looks without guile,
 Yet he knows all the while
 She's been pox'd by the lawyers all round, firs.

The doctor so grave,
 Is as arrant a knave,
 And a pimp to a lady call'd health, fir,
 Tho' the son of a whore,
 Has debauch'd her before,
 And now sells her for chariot and wealth, fir.

The player I ween,
 Pimps for tragedy's queen,
 And for comedy seldom refuses ;
 The manager's soul,
 Is a pimp to his cole,
 And the poet's a pimp to the mufes.

The soldier and tar,
 Are the pimps of the war,
 And the beau is a pimp by profession ;
 The statesman, 'tis true,
 Give the devil his due,
 Is no pimp---but the bawd of the nation.

SONG 42. On the Conquest of the HAVANNAH.

Tune : *The old Woman at Grimstone.*

NOW England's victorious,
 Our conquests more glorious,
 Than those of Eliza or Anna ;
 Freedom drew honour's sword,
 Courage gave us the word,
 And our hearts of oak storm'd the Havannah,
brave boys,
And our hearts of oak storm'd the Havannah.

For Quebeck Montreal,
 Martinique, Senegal,
 With sorrow each Frenchman looks wan-ah,
 And I'll hold ten to one,
 That each whisker-cheek'd don,
 Seems as queer for the loss of Havannah, *brave*
boys, &c.

France and Spain would intrigue
 In a family league,
 And Austria must join in the clan-ah !
 Yet though Polish count Bruhl
 Clubb'd the weight of his skull,
 All their heads couldn't save the Havannah, *brave*
boys, &c.

Our ground we made good,
 For determin'd we stood,
 To conquer or die to a man-ah !
 With our broadsides and cheers,
 We have deafen'd the ears,
 And dum-founded the dons at Havannah, *brave*
boys &c.

Our commanders we knew
 Were resolv'd to go through,
 Unanimity strengthened their plan-ah !
 Along Cuba's coast,
 But we Britons won't boast,
 Nor shall Spaniards now boast the Havannah,
brave boys, &c.

Once Spain in bravado
 Sent here an Armado,
 But Drake drubb'd them out of their plan-ah !
 In return for their treat,
 We dispatch'd out a fleet,
 To drub the dons out of Havannah, *brave boys, &c.*

See Britannia advance,
 Conquests wreath on her lance,
 Magnanimity marshals her plan-ah !
 Fame rejoiced spreads her wings,
 Hark, exulting she sings,
 British heroes have won the Havannah, *brave boys,*
&c.

S O N G 43. A new BUCK'S SONG.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune: *Ye medley of mortals.*

COME mirth call on music, call music on song,
 Come frolic-filled fancy bring genius along;
 Come Momus, come Comus, come Bucks hark
 away ;

Here's to Nimrod our founder, a brusher, hurra,
Sing tantara-rara, hurra, hurra,
Sing tantara-rara, hurra.
 Heroic

Heroic Semiramis, Babylon's queen,
Great Nimrod's regalia and records had seen,
She the order renew'd, came herself as a guest,
And always from thence wore a Buck at her breast.

She call'd a divan, her spouse Ninus dethron'd,
'Cause no Buck he would be, for no monarch was
own'd.

To her ladies this speech made, let Bucks alone
win ye,
And each fool be nick-nam'd from Ninus a
Ninny.

'Tis by women each Buck, at true honour
arrives,

The first race of Bucks were made Bucks by their
wives :

When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd
to roam,

Each wife a true Buck, dubb'd her husband at home.

This order like light quickly spread o'er the
earth,

Its harbingers Friendship and Freedom went forth;
Great Nimrod appear'd, in our lodge, took his
post,

Love and Wit his supporters, and Honour his host.

From the archives of Ægypt our charter he
brought,

That wealth springs from industry, to his Bucks
taught ;

Instructions through life for our sake did advise :
And that golden rule formed, to be merry and
wife.

He

He stamp'd the Buck's charter ; he formed the
first grand,
Unanimity gave, as the word of command :
To each ranger, each forester, this did premise,
Since Bucks you're become, boys, be merry and
wife.

From Bacchus our name is, tho' some say from
Jove,
For he was the first like a Buck who made love ;
To a bull, for the sake of Europa, he turns,
And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his
horns.

Cadmus, Theseus, Hercules, Jason, and others,
Set sail in their Argo, like brave Bucks and
brothers.
The ladies of Colchis elected each stranger,
As Jason was chose by Medea her ranger.

Some say that Aëleon, because he wore horns,
Must needs be a Buck, but that tale each Buck
scorns ;
Had he been one of us, in Diana's surprise,
He'd not stood like a fool, but——been merry
and wife.

To conclude, let us rise Bucks, and hand in
hand join,
And a Buck's unanimity, shew by this sign !
We bow to our grand, and acknowledge his sway,
And pronounce in full chorus, *nem. con.* We obey.

SONG

SONG 44.

THE MASQUERADE ; BY MR. GARRICK.

YE medley of mortals who make up this throng,
Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my
song ;

What you'd not expect here, my wit shall be new,
And what is more strange, ev'ry word shall be true.

Sing tantara rara truth all, truth all,

Sing tantara-rara truth all.

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than
mine ;

Bring your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your
coin ;

The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,
For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still.

Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and the
wife,

Yet they practise all day, what they seem to despise ;

Examine mankind from the great to the small,

Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson brim-ful of October and grace

With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face,

Will rail at our doing—but when it is dark,

The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and
cock'd hat,

With, blood ! he'll do this ; and zounds !

he'll do that ;

When

When he comes to his trial he fails in his part,
And shews that his looks are but masks to his heart,

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from
whores ;

But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace ;
For how would he blush, should he come face to
face ! *Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.*

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst other fine
things,

Will talk of their country, and love to their kings ;
But their masks, will drop off, if you shake but
the pelf,

And shew king and country all center'd in self.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

With an outside of virtue, Miss Squeamish the prude,
If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you are
rude ; [none,

Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she's
And perhaps she's carefs'd by the coachman
or John. *Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.*

With a grave mask of wisdom say physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's
no flaw, [big ;

Till death and the judge have decreed, they look
Then you find you have trusted—a full-bottom'd
wig. *Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.*

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find, that his next is a cheat ;
But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue ;
You at last cheat yourselves—then the devil cheats
you. *Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.*

SONG

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S O N G 45.

CHAUCER'S Recantation, by Mr. SMART.

R E C I T A T I V E.

OLD Chaucer, once, to this re-echoing grove,
 Sung "of the sweet bewitching tricks of love;"
 But soon he found he'd sullied his renown,
 And arm'd each charming hearer with a frown;
 Thus self-condemn'd a-new his lyre he strung,
 And in repentant strains this recantation sung.

A I R.

Long since unto her native sky
 Fled heav'n descended Constancy;
 Nought now that's stable's to be had,
 The world's grown mutable and mad.
 Save women——they, we must confess,
 Are miracles of steadfastness;
 And every witty, pretty dame,
 Bears for her motto——STILL THE SAME.

The flowers that in the vale are seen,
 The white, the yellow, blue and green,
 In brief complexion idly gay
 Still set with ev'ry setting day,
 Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
 Their odours gone, their colour lost:
 But what is true, tho' passing strange,
 That women never——fade nor change.

The wise man said that all was vain,
 And folly's universal reign;

Wisdom

Wisdom it's vot'ries oft enthralls,
 Riches torment, and pleasure palls ;
 And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,
 That each man soon or late's a fool :
 In women 'tis the exception lies,
 For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.

This earthly ball with noise abounds,
 And from it's emptiness it sounds ;
 Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,
 The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen ;
 But women here no one suspects,
 Silence distinguishes that sex ;
 For, poor dumb things ! so meek's their mould,
 You scarce can hear them——when they scold.

C H O R U S.

*An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
 An hundred pair of iron lungs,
 Five heralds, and five thousand cryers,
 With throats whose accent never tires,
 Ten speaking trumpets of a size
 Would deafness with their din surprise,
 Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say,
 And those that will believe it——may.*

SONG 46. Miss MARY GILL.

UNKNOWN to the nine, and a novice in song,
 Advent'rous I brandish the quill ;
 And cull for my theme, from amidst the fair throng,
 The beauteous, the sweet Mary Gill.

Not Venus herself, when just sprung from the main,
 A youth with more raptures could fill ;

That

Than dancing to gaze on, (however in vain)
The smiling, the sweet Mary Gill.

At each look from her eyes, tho' she made my heart
bleed,

Such transports all o'er me did thrill ;
Such as only possession itself could exceed —
Possession of sweet Mary Gill.

Those snow-hills of pleasure, her breast which adorn,
And are sweeter than sweet-scented dill ;
Rais'd a passion which ever within me must burn,
Then pity me, sweet Mary Gill.

The charms which the whole of her person displays,
Oh ! how they do wound me, and kill !
Not the midsummer's sun, nor the lightning's fierce
blaze,
Shine so splendid as sweet Mary Gill.

The smooth silver accents which flow'd from her
tongue,
To hear them methinks I seem still ;
Not sweeter the strains by young seraphims sung,
Than those of my sweet Mary Gill.

An angel of light, if some *Titian* would draw,
To shew forth in painting his skill ;
Who fitter to fit, and who freer from flaw,
Than the charming, the sweet Mary Gill ?

At the tavern or pot-house let Bacchanals rave,
And claret abundantly swill ;
Me nothing in nature shall ever enslave,
But the charms of my sweet Mary Gill.

+ F

Oh !

Oh! take me, Oh! keep me, some cool shady grove,
Meand'ring thro' which runs a rill;
On its banks there reclining, I'll sigh forth my love,
For the sprightly, the sweet Mary Gill.

Oh! would she consent but to bless my fond arms!
How together like turtles we'd bill!
E'en eternal devoirs I would pay to the charms,
Of the youthful, the sweet Mary Gill.

But ah! if the maiden my passion should slight,
A hole thro' my heart I will drill;
And dying betake me far, far from the sight
Of the cruel, tho' sweet, Mary Gill.

But hark! what says Hope?—"She perhaps may
"prove kind;
"No need then your heart's blood to spill;"
Grant Heav'n! what Hope thus suggests I may find,
A yielding, a sweet Mary Gill.

Ye Gods! then, who vigils eternally keep,
Preserve the dear creature from ill;
For who's worth your care, or awake, or asleep,
If not the fair, the sweet Mary Gill?

S O N G 47.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT; or,
The LOVER'S Adieu to the FAIR SEX.

TO Phillis and Chloe, and all the gay throng,
Too long the soft lay has been rais'd;
Too long on their beauty has flow'd the vain song,
Too long has their beauty been prais'd.

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Then adieu
All thought

Great Bacchus, repentant, thy pardon I ask,
 Forgiveness I humbly implore ;
 If e'er for a female I quit a full cask,
 May I never enjoy one drop more,—great god,
 May I never enjoy one drop more.

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own,
 To sing all the charms of the fair ;
 Their beauties to praise, is your province alone,
 Alone make their beauties your care :
 For who in his senses that mortal can blame,
 Who strives his own merit to raise ;
 For women and fops are so nearly the same,
 It's in theirs that he sings his own praise—sweet miss.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare females possess,
 Tho' kindness may add to their store ;
 Good-nature and smiles has a bumper no less,
 And sparkles a hundred times more :
 With virtue unfully'd, adorn'd tho' she be,
 Tho' modesty blooms in each feature,
 A bottle is not more immodest than she,
 Its virtue's ten thousand times greater—dear
 boys.

Their beauty's attracting, I freely confess,
 Their sex I must own has its charms ;
 I own for a moment they're able to bless,
 And melt us away in their arms :
 Yet lasting the pain is and transient the joy,
 The raptures are instantly past ;
 But wine, happy juice ! is sure never to cloy,
 Its pleasures 'till dooms-day shall last—brave
 souls.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties adieu,
 All thoughts of the sex I resign ;

I fight in thy cause, to thy int'rest am true,
 And yield me eternally thine ;
 If ever, great master, thy colours I fly,
 Or e'er like a lover I pine,
 May greatest of curses ! my hoghead run dry,
 Nor more be replenish'd with wine—blest wine.

S O N G 48.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *On a time I was great.*

PUSH the bottle about, drink my toast, and
 away,

Round the brim let the liquor be flowing ;
 We're robbing of life, while we drinking delay,
 So prithee, dear brothers, keep going.

Here's a health to that man, who for strength
 feareth none,

Who values no mortal for riches alone,
 Who ne'er treads on the weak, nor gives sorrow
 a frown,

He, he's a true son of the bottle.

The science of drinking is better by half
 Than the ethics of old Aristotle ;

I look at all life, and at all life I laugh,
 Except in the life of a bottle :

Let scholiasts with scholiasts, explain and confound
 The motion of matter, the world's wheeling
 round,

But make them once drunk, and the secret is found
 Such wonders are done by the bottle.

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The sportsman arouz'd when the horn calls away,
 Thro' thicksets, o'er quicksets will bound, fir,
 His warm-wishing wife may in vain court his stay,
 Her requests in loud hallooing are drown'd, fir;
 His sport is but dull to the sport that we boast,
 So ho!—here's a bumper--hark, hark to the toast,
 Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent should be
 lost,

And we're cast in the chace of a bottle.

Let lawyers perplex, and let schoolmen declaim,
 Let patriots for liberty rattle;
 Let hot-headed heroes run mad after fame,
 But let's coolly stick to our bottle:
 Shew us wine, 'tis enough, we fall eagerly to't,
 Let those take their rest, who their temper 'twill
 suit,
 We've liberty, honour, law, learning to boot,
 In the pleasing contents of a bottle.

Tho' sickness, despair, and captivity join,
 I'd equal the antients in thinking;
 No comfort, no physic, no friendship but wine,
 No freedom I ask, but for drinking:
 Stood death like a drawer to wait on me home,
 Or bailiff-like dare he rush into the room,
 I'd try for one moment to tip him a hum,
 While I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

S O N G 49.

HOW heavy the time rolls along,
 Now Julia is far from my sight!
 How dull is the nightingale's song,
 That once used to give such delight!

The meadows that seemed so green,
 Now lose all the verdure of May;
 The cowslip and violet are seen
 To droop, fade and wither away.

Bright Phœbus no longer can please!
 Gay prospects no longer are balm;
 E'en music affords me no ease,
 Which was wont ev'ry passion to calm!

My flocks too, disorderly stray,
 And bleat their complaints in my ear;
 No more they leap, frolic, and play,
 But sad as their master appear.

But ah, if my Julia was seen,
 My flocks, how they'd skip o'er the plain,
 Each flow'ret would spring on the green,
 And nightingales charm me again.

For her a green arbour I've made,
 Enrich'd with each fragrant flower;
 The sun's scorching heat it will shade,
 'Twill have o'er her beauty no pow'r.

Return then, my fair one, return,
 No month's more propitious than May;
 O, leave not your shepherd to mourn,
 But haste, my dear charmer, away.

SONG

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THE sun, like any bridegroom gay,
 'Rose to salute the spring,
 The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,
 And birds began to sing :
 When Damon tripp'd it o'er the plain,
 Dear Cloe's heart to win,
 But at the window tapp'd in vain,
 She would not——let him in.

Beside the mansions where the great,
 From glorious feats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate
 The virtues they admir'd :
 Love whisper'd this in Damon's ear,
 And bade the song begin,
 And thus he sung, to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd——let him in.

So sweet his song, the maiden 'rose,
 In rural plain attire,
 And like the genial season glows,
 With thrilling soft desire :
 But angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd, Shepherd, why this din ?
 Why wake me thus ? I've often told,
 I ne'er wou'd——let you in.

The fair one in his arms he press'd,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 And who, with honour in his breast,
 Would then have thought on more ?
 To church he led her in her prime,
 For pleasure void of sin ;
 And now she hails the happy time,
 When first she——let him in.

SONG 51.

NAY, jeer ye not sisters, by love unbetray'd,
 But pity a fond, yet an innocent maid,
 I stepp'd, but with Johnny to yonder hedge row,
 And which of you all pray, wou'd not have done so.

If with him, he said, to the coppice I'd stray,
 He'd gather me violets, and bloom of the May,
 Then kiss'd me so sweetly, I could not but go,
 And which of you all pray, had answer'd him no.

At the foot of a wide swelling oak we reclin'd,
 I lean'd on his breast while he whisper'd his mind,
 His offer was marriage, I could'nt say no,
 Pray which of you all is't that would have done so.

As the ivy around this stout oak doth entwine,
 So sweeting, said he, thou must do when thou'rt
 mine,
 Then clasp'd me close to him, I begg'd I might go,
 But he press'd me still closer, and cry'd my dear no.

Alas, gentle Johnny, sweet Johnny, I said,
 Remember your promise nor hurt a poor maid,
 Consider my virtue and pray let me go,
 But he kiss'd me still warmer and cry'd my dear no.

I ever thought Johnny as mild as the dove,
 How weak is the heart that gives sanction to love,
 Yet he swears that to-morrow to church he will go,
 He shall ne'er get me out again till he does so.

SONG

SON

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SONG 52. By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows ;
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs ;
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above ;
 We shepherds, that live on the plain,
 Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
 Fond zephyr caresses the pine :
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine ;
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing ;
 He flutters in bridal array !
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May.
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove ;
 And murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay ;
 Get your pipes, oh ! ye Shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the May :
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of love.

SONG 53.

WHILE each love-sick scribbler to dress up the
fair,

Will run for a garland the devil knows where!
Of her mind and her person they tell us such lies,
That you think her a goddess just dropt from the skies
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Tho' satire I mean not, such praise I detest,
Yet my fair shall be sung of as well as the rest,
And while with my pen fairest truth goes along,
I doubt not but Betsey will list to my song.

Tho' her eyes are not light'ning to set us on fire,
Yet their beams are as bright as a man can desire,
Tho' nor lilies or roses her cheeks overspread,
What's better, there's true flesh and blood, white
and red.

Her person's majestic, yet easy withal,
Not so strait as a cedar, nor nothing so tall;
To say that with Venus she vies for her air,
Since I never saw Venus, I cannot declare.

Her wit is still just in what witty should be,
Good sense goes in hand with the smart repartee,
Not prudishly squeamish, nor wantonly gay,
Yet charming and brisk as the birds are in May.

To sum up the whole, you may search the world
round,
A nymph more compleat there can never be found:
Then cease, ye vain scribblers, your flattering lays,
For Betsey alone is the subject of praise.

SONG

SONG 54. The BUMPER OF WINE.

Tune, Come all ye young lovers who wane with despair.

YE vot'ries of Bacchus who love a full flask,
 Who jovially sing to the sound of the cask,
 Who stint not your mirth when grave Time strikes
 the hour,
 But swiftly pursue the old grey-headed Power ;
 As a friend give me leave then your mirth to prolong,
 While you circle the glass—to repeat you a song.

Ne'er heed the dull asses who always at strife,
 Still war with themselves and the pleasures of life,
 Let 'em whine, cant, and preach, and do all that
 they can,
 Let us, like true souls, make the most of a span ;
 At their satisfaction let us ne'er repine,
 While we can find more in a Bumper of Wine.

Good wine's the best gift that the gods can bestow,
 To give us a taste of their heaven below,
 Its charms are beyond the description of art,
 It warms, it enlivens, makes joyous the heart ;
 The young and the old 'twill their senses refine,
 Such charms there are found in a Bumper of Wine.

The lover who sighs for his fair one unkind,
 Has found in a bottle a balm for his mind ;
 The miser who doats on his hoarded up store,
 By chance has been blest as he ne'er was before ;
 When Bacchus has given him the juice of the vine,
 Such charms there are found in a bumper of wine.

Then

Then give me your voices ye friends to the cause,
For surely the subject demands your applause ;
This truth I declare, and I'd have the world
know it,

'Tis wine that at present has made me a poet :
Then fill me a glass of this liquor divine,
And let this be the toast, here's a bumper of wine.

SONG 55.

The SOLDIER'S FAREWEL : a CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ROUZ'D by the drum, the signal to away,
Ready to march see foldier Will obey ;
Close to his side his much-lov'd Moll appears,
Her hair dishevel'd, red her eyes with tears :
Her belly, prominent, too plainly shows,
Not vain her grief, not vain alas ! her woes ;
With loving arms she clasp'd him to her breast,
And thus her wishes, thus her fears, express'd.

AIR.

Tune : *Long had the French navy.*

And must my dear William fail over the main,
To fight the false Frenchmen, or humble proud
Spain ?

Ah ! must you begone from your dear native shore
I fear, ah ! I fear I shall see thee no more ;
In my mind I behold the broad ensigns display'd
The men all in order for battle array'd ;
The trumpet gives notice for fight to prepare,
I die at the thoughts on't, I sink with despair.

CHORUS. *The trumpet gives notice, &c.*

Should heaven assist thee against the proud foe,
 And conquest the laurel of vict'ry bestow!
 Safe return'd to my arms should I see thee again,
 Escap'd from the contest where thousands are slain,
 How blest will my fate be!—While many must
 mourn,

For those whom grim death wont permit to return;
 My spirits revive! safe from war's dread alarms,
 My William with glory shall bless these fond arms.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Will, in whose breast each manly virtue shone,
 With sympathizing sorrow heard her moan;
 First wip'd the tears that started in his eyes,
 And then to calm her sorrow thus he tries.

A I R.

Tune: What cheer my honest messmate.

Ne'er fear my dearest Molly,
 But I shall come again,
 Tho' o'er the foaming ocean,
 I sail against proud Spain:
 From death kind heaven will guard me,
 Amid the dire alarms,
 And safe again restore me,
 Unto thy faithful arms.

Then grieve not I must leave you,
 'Tis only for a while;
 To England soon I shall return,
 With honour and with spoil;
 Then banish sorrow from thy heart,
 That foe to all thy charms,
 For safely I shall come again,
 Unto thy faithful arms.

+ G

S O N G

SONG 56.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN: A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

SUN-burnt and ragged, mark'd with scars, and
 poor,
 See soldier Will to England come once more;
 And as he weary trudg'd from street to street,
 His Molly, dearly lov'd, he chanc'd to meet;
 With joyful arms she clasp'd him to her breast,
 And once again her soldier thus address'd.

A I R.

Tune: *No more of my Harriot, &c.*

And is my dear Billy come home once again,
 From the terrors of war on the land and the main?
 Still true to thy love, tho' thy absence I've
 mourn'd,
 Yet my sorrows all vanish since thou art return'd;
 Then cheer up, my lad, and thy fortune declare,
 What glory, what riches, you've gain'd in the war.

O why are you silent, and why heaves that sigh?
 Why suddenly starts the big tear from your eye?
 I prithee, dear William, thy sorrows give o'er,
 Since heaven has sent you to England once more;
 But come to my arms, and thy fortune declare,
 What glory, what riches, you've gain'd in the war.

RECITATIVE.

Cheer'd by his Molly's kindness, Will began
 To clear his brow, and re-assume the man;
 And while, in loving sort, her hand he prest,
 He freely thus his sentiments express'd.

AIR

Tune :

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A I R.

Tune : *Come, come, my good Shepherds, our Flocks
let us shear.*

In vain my dear Molly, we fancy in war,
Such triumph, such glory, and riches there are;
The glory we share from the great to the small,
But as to the riches—The great have 'em all.

Though hard we must never 'enquire or know,
That just in the time we should strike a bold blow;
Our conquests, our laurels, all purchas'd so dear,
Must, for what the Lord knows! be restor'd to
Monsieur.

But what we can't help, girl, we needs must
endure,
And my sword in its scabbard may now rest
secure,
I'll follow my trade which my fancy best suits,
To patching old shoes, or to piecing old boots.

S O N G 57.

GIVE us glasses my wench, give us wine and
we'll quench,
The remembrance of pain and of grief;
To the winds with our care, for we'll never despair,
While a bottle can give us relief.

In our revels and joys we'll forget the proud boy,
Let Lethe its miracle work;
For as hollow I find, as the bottle's her mind;
And her heart is as light as a cork.

G 2

Ariadne

Ariadne the gay, in despair as they say,
 For the bully that left her behind :
 Wou'd have hang'd, or have drown'd, but in
 Bacchus she found,
 A new lover as constant as kind.

These are fables, my dear, but the moral is clear;
 It was wine that her peace did restore ;
 When he left the poor lass, why she took to her
 glass,
 And she never remember'd him more.

SONG 58.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Tantara-rara Masks all.*

COME, my bucks, let to-night be devoted to
 drinking,
 To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with think-
 ing ;
 Inspired by Bacchus, I'll sing to his praise,
 And crown with a bumper, instead of the bays.
Sing tantara-rara Bucks all.

From Bacchus our name is, tho' some say from
 Jove,
 For he was the first (like a buck) who made love ;
 To a bull for the sake of Europa he turns,
 And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his
 horns.

'Tis

'Tis by women each buck at true honour arrives,
The first race of bucks were made bucks by their
wives ;

When, for glory the Greeks round the world us'd
to roam,

Each wife, a true buck, dubb'd her hero at home.

Had the son of fair Thetis, instead of the brine,
Been plung'd over head in a hoghead of wine,
He'd have march'd among mortals secure from all
evil,

A buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the devil.

But why should the ancients still fill up my lays ?

'Tis fit that a modern, a modern should praise.

With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,

And a health take to him who first drank a half-
pint.

Were grapes on the mount of Parnassus but
growing,

Or Helicon's conduit with French claret flowing,

Nay would Phœbus but drink like an honest good
fellow,

Like Bacchus, we'd honour his buckship Apollo.

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy
casks ?

Or the tea table's splendor, to splendid full flasks ?

What is Pegasus good for ? Yes, he shall be mine ;

I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.

In daisy-deck'd meads, when the birds whistle
round,

How shrill is their music, how simple the sound ?

Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,

And a good fellow's order, Boy, six bottles more.

Can music or verse, love or landscape, bestow
 A fix-bottle sound, or a fix-bottle show ?
 Cou'd I meet them at midnight, their bottoms I'd
 try,
 Who first should give out, faith, the bottles or I

This tuning and piping ! no longer I'll bear it,
 What's all pipes of music, to one pipe of claret ?
 By my soul, bucks, I love it, and why, wou'd you
 know ?
 Drink only as I've done, you'll all like it too.

SONG 59. THE WINE VAULT.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *The Hounds are all out.*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd.

My brave boys

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try,
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
 And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
 And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

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We are dry where we sit, tho' the cozing drops
seem

The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
stream,

Like stucco work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,

I sit my companions among,

Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the goodfellow's god,
And a Sentiment give or a Song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,

No ancient more patriot-like bled ;

Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,

And myself for my Bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are
well fill'd,

View that heap of Old Hock in the rear ;

Yon bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,

Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,

All gloriously rang'd in review,

When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks

As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman my drink I'll enjoy,

In defiance of gravel and gout ;

Who cry'd, when he had no more worlds to
subdue—

I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly
shines,

But when wanting moisture, decays ;

Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shou'd be shed,
No HIC JACET be cut on my stone ;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say, *A choice fellow is gone. My brave boy.*

SONG 60.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad there passed by,
I kenn'd him round, and I lik'd him weel ;
Gued feth he had a bonny eye :
My heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
As he my presence did draw near,
And round about my slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk white hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small,
And said, there was no lady fair,
That ever could with me compare :
Those pleasing words my heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

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Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he would never be deny'd,
 But did declare his love the more,
 Until my heart was wounded sore ;
 That I my love could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

As for my yarn, my rock and reel,
 And after that my spinning-wheel,
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead :
 My panting heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
 Now speed the wheel, my bonny maid,
 But if thou'dst to the hay-cock go,
 I'll learn thee better work I trow :
 Gued feth, I lik'd him passing weel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his bonnet oft,
 And sweetly kist my lips so soft ;
 Yet still between each honey kifs,
 He urg'd me on to farther blifs :
 'Till I resistless fire did feel,
 Then let alone my spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay,
 What damsel ever could deny,
 A youth with such a charming eye ?
 The pleasure I cannot reveal,
 It far surpass the spinning-wheel.

S O N G

SONG 61.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

OUR ship is paid off,
 I have money enough;
 And if so be that Susan should like it,
 In a brisk loving gale,
 To be married we'll fail;
 If it shall be a bargain, las? strike it.

When I first went on board,
 Why you gave me your word,
 That wedlock's point we should weather;
 Then to church let us go,
 Come I'll take you in tow,
 And parson shall splice us together.

SONG 62. The REVIEW.

ALL hail to the king,
 That in youth's early spring,
 Such a promise of glory displays;
 May his race still extend,
 Freedom's cause to defend,
 And the fame of old England to raise.
 May our Edwards of old,
 And our Harrys so bold,
 In his issue again be renew'd;
 That our sons on the main,
 May their empire maintain,
 And commerce in safety pursu'd.

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With many a scar,
Behold from the war,
The brave legions of Britain advance :
From Minden they come,
Swell the fife, beat the drum,
From Minden the terror of France :
See the brave hardy crew,
As they pass in review,
How they smile on the king's royal train ;
When these their looks say,
Call us forth, we obey,
And we'll fight all our battles again.

From the east to the west,
British valour confest,
Standeth first on the records of fame ;
Let Willamsdorf's plain,
And the borders of Spain,
British faith, British courage proclaim ;
From the dangerous sword,
Of oppression restor'd,
Fair freedom again shall display ;
In safety her wings,
For protection, while kings,
Grateful homage to Britain shall pay.

The feats that were done,
By Philip's mad son,
Were but trifles to glories like these ;
For ambition he fought,
And the lust only fought,
Of his blood-thirsty rage to appease ;
But Britons more brave,
Draw the sword but to save,
From such tyrants the right of mankind ;
And the weapon again,
When their end they obtain,
Is in peace to the scabbard consign'd.

A full flowing glass,
 Now to Granby we'll pass,
 And to each valiant leader beside :
 Nor forget the brave crew,
 That with hearts firm and true,
 For their country all danger defy'd :
 Let the drum beat a charge,
 And the nation at large,
 Rend the wide vaulted sky with their song,
 'Till echo the sound,
 From her grotto rebound,
 And the loud gratulation prolong.

SONG 63. BY MR. LOCKMAN.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
 Your hearts ye fair-ones! guard;
 Their only study's to trepan,
 And play a trickster's card :
 With strange delight, poor women they slight,
 Amuse, cajole, belie :
 Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care:
 For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,
 A thousand forms will take :
 His venal soul is all for gold ;
 A crocodile, or snake.
 See his dire thread, this spider spread,
 To catch the female fly ;
 Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care :
 For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine by rage inspir'd,
 At nymphs he darts his quills :
 A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,
 His glance by poison kills.

With

With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,
 Then throws the baubles by :
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
 In one wide-spreading plain,
 Of constancy, of faith to treat,
 And virtue's spotless train :
 To find a youth renown'd for truth,
 Whole ages we might try :—
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

S O N G 64. SOMETHING NEW.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace,
 The wond'rous to pursue ;
 And, both in country and in town,
 The curious courtier, cit and clown,
 Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready made they make ;
 Historians must be true :
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
 To give you something new ?

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse,
 And so is honour too ;
 The papers of the day imply
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woful dearth
 In melancholy, or in mirth;
 What then shall ladies do?
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize;
 In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is something new.

SONG 65. SOMETHING NEW.

AMONG all the arts which to please we pursue,
 Our surest success still attends on what's new,
 'Tis novelty pleases alike one and all,
 From the high to the low, the great and the small;
 To your services bound, to your pleasures still true,
 We humbly must offer you, something that's new.

To obtain this great point, tho' often we try,
 Our flower dress'd sonnets soon languish and die;
 The soft arts of love, and the hero's due praise,
 Have long been worn out, and unfit for our lays,
 Yet still as your pleasure is all we've in view,
 What we offer at present, we hope will be new.

Ye wits and ye critics, ye belles and ye beaux,
 Ye lovers of wine, and ye lovers of cloaths;
 Ye lovers of women, of tattle, of wit,
 To each, and to all, our song is now writ;
 To please all alike we endeavour to do,
 And that you'll agree will be new, very new.

When the wits cease to censure the unthinking
 age,
 When critics in praise of the moderns engage,
 When fops cease admiring their dress and their
 parts,
 When belles cease their ogling and angling for
 hearts,
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The SHEP
 By Mr

Shepherd.

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When the toper his bottle shall cease to pursue,
You all will agree this is new, very new.

When gamesters grow honest, and quit cards
and dice,

When prudes shall cease calling of wenching a
vice,

When tattlers shall cease at each other to rail,
And truth, honest truth, shall o'er scandal prevail;
When all married folks, to each other are true,
You will readily cry, this is new, very new.

When the laughter shall cease to be pleas'd with
a joke,

When the courage of braggarts shall cease to be
smoke,

When misers forget their old hoards to increase,
When party and rage, thro' the nation shall cease,
When all this shall happen, I doubt not but you,
Will strait clap your hands, and allow this is new.

S O N G 66.

The SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS, a Cantata.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Shepherd.

RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,
To view creation crown the earth.

A I R.

Come, my Lucy, come away,
Share with me this sun-shine day;
Sweets of May make nature gay,
Come, my Lucy, come away.

H 2

Shepherdess.

Shepherdes.

RECITATIVE.

Ah ! help me, shepherd, do but see,
I'm stung this moment by a bee.

Shepherd.

A I R.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,
Then think what you give to a true-loving swain,
When scornful you fly from his pray'rs :
A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,
But wounds for years fester in fond shepherd's
 hearts,
When lasses will give themselves airs.

Shepherdes.

Ah ! shepherd, ah ! shepherd, mankind, like the
 bee,
Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they see ;
And when the believing fool'd maid,
O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's
 sting ;
At once, like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,
And laughing he leaves her betray'd.

Shepherd.

RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,
And from shepherd and lass, let's be man and
 wife.

Shepherdes.

A I R.

Maids well should beware ere to that they consent
Those in haste to be marry'd, at leisure repent ;
We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lott'ry for life,
Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and his
 wife.

Shepherd.

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Marriage
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Shepherd.

Those who wed for mere wealth such misfortunes
 may prove, [love ;
 But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for
 And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry for life,
 We shall stand the best chance when we're made
 man and wife.

Shepherdes.

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd ;
 To my children a slave, by my husband be fool'd ;
 The day spend in trouble, the night waste in strife ?
 This is often the change from a maid to a wife.

Shepherd.

We a wife take, 'tis said e'er for better or worse ;
 Marriage therefore is either a blessing or curse ;
 Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life
 Can only be found in a man and his wife.

Shepherdes.

But see the sun setting, the clouds skirt with gold,
 And nibbling flocks rising, repair to their fold ;
 Let's homeward repair——

Both.

———And to end further strife,
 To-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man and
 wife.

SONG 67. On the MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
hide :

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then prithee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
Let love be thy jointure ; ne'er mind an estate :
You can never be poor, who have all those charms ;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

SONG 68.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be found ?

O, friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of
life ;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour ?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend ?

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Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace :
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

S O N G 69. JUNE.

HARK ! 'tis the woodlark's note, he feels the
 sun,
 And in full glee his mattins has begun,
 With him the linnet and the blackbird vie,
 Who sweetest shall salute the summer sky ;
 From bush to bush the jealousy, like fire,
 Seems to enflame the universal choir,
 Joint is the chorus, sweet the serenade,
 Sweet vocal needs no instrumental aid.

Now swell the udders of the milky kine,
 Now swells the green grape on the tender vine ;
 Like ripen'd strawberries of red and white
 'The germinating blossoms charm the sight ;
 Blended as in the rain-bow, various hues
 Of flowers uncounted drink the morning dews ;
 Acanthus, hyacinth, and crocus meet
 'To make young June rich sandals for her feet.

With backward pace a sea-crab leads the way,
 As if it fled the fond pursuit of May ;
 But May is gone, and leaves to buxom June
 What she had rear'd, with nicer care to prune ;
 With animating heat to warm the seed,
 And of each plant the tender roots to feed.
 Thus month to month successive recommends
 'The growth of Nature to promote her ends ;
 Give

Give to each other's hands the forming care,
 First January binds with nipping air,
 Next February lays the earth in snows,
 And March restrains them as his tempest blows—
 With milder aspect April sends his shower,
 And May's warm sun awakes herb, tree and flower,
 'Till warmer suns, with brighter June combine
 To aid young Nature in her great design.

SONG 70.

The RECANTATION. A favourite CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Cælia made,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r ;
 There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd hour :
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious expectation,
 With rage he fought t'allay his pain,
 And vented thus his passion.

AIR.

To all the sex deceitful
 A long and last adieu,
 Since women prove ungrateful
 As long as men prove true.
 The pains they give are many,
 And, Ob ! too hard to bear ;
 The joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE

Now Cælia
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HAIL,
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 'Tis thine
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While yon
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 And rest
 This pipe,
 Its rural no-
 And ask

RECITATIVE.

Now Cælia, from Mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat ;
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain,
 But, as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care !
 And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair !
 Women wise increase desiring
 By contriving kind delays ;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

SONG 71. SUMMER.

HAIL, gentle Summer to this isle !
 Where nature's fairest beauties smile,
 And breathe in every plain ;
 'Tis thine to bid each flow'r display,
 And open to the eye of day
 The glories of its reign.

While yon few sheep enjoy the breeze,
 That softly dies upon the trees,
 And rest beneath the shade ;
 This pipe, which Damon gave, shall raise
 Its rural notes to sing thy praise,
 And ask the muse's aid.

Diana's

Diana's ear shall catch the sound,
 And all the nymphs that sport around
 The vale, or upland lawn ;
 The nymphs, that o'er the mountain's brow,
 Pursue the lightly-bounding roe,
 Or chase the flying fawn.

Even now, perchance, some cool retreat
 Defends the lovely train from heat,
 And Phœbus' noon-tide beam ;
 Perchance, they twine the flowery crown
 On beds of roses, soft as down,
 Beside the winding stream.

Delightful season ! every mead
 With thy fair robe of plenty spread,
 To thee that plenty owes ;
 The laughing fields with joy declare,
 And whisper all in reason's ear,
 From whence that plenty flows.

Happy the man, whose vessel glides,
 Safe and unhurt by passion's tides,
 Nor courts the gusts of praise !
 He sails with even, steady pace,
 While virtue's full-blown beauties grace
 The summer of his days.

S O N G 72.

YE belles, and beaux, attend my song,
 I'll tell you something new ;
 Perhaps you'll smile and think me wrong,
 Tho' strange you'll find it true :

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No more tho
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 believe me,
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 ut be the b
 'Tis folly

In days of yore, historians say,
 'Twas wisdom bore the prize;
 But modern times have chang'd the lay,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Let no grave Cynic take offence,
 And think me too unkind;
 All boast of wisdom's but pretence,
 Our passions make us blind:
 Observe, at church, the learned priest,
 He bids you temp'rance prize;
 Yet o'er his bottle, at a feast,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Are mis's full fifteen years has run,
 She sighs and thinks of love;
 And tho' she's sure to be undone,
 She will the passion prove:
 Says sage mamma to pert mis's prue,
 Be chastity your prize;
 But mis's declares, when men pursue,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

No more those musty rules pursue,
 Once taught in heathen schools;
 Believe me, for I tell you true,
 The ancients were but fools:
 As thro' life's stream we glide along,
 We diff'rent passions prize;
 But be the burthen of my song,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

SONG 73.

YE virgins attend, believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan;
Ne'er let it be said, there goes an old maid,
But get marry'd as fast as you can.

As soon as you find your hearts are inclin'd,
To beat quick at the sight of a man,
Then choose out a youth, with honour and truth,
And get marry'd as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud, your charms will soon shroud,
And this whimsical life's but a span;
Then maids make your hay, while Sol darts his ray,
And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake, will artfully take,
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
But baffle the snare, make virtue, your care,
And get marry'd as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands have join'd both your
hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan;
Ne'er harbour the stings that jealousy brings,
But be constant and blest while you can.

SONG 74.

WHEN I was a girl I had often heard tell,
Of the sweets and fours of marriage:
But I was determin'd perchance it e'er fell,
To venture good luck or miscarriage.

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It happen'd that once an acquaintance of mine,
 By free consent of her mother,
 A pretty young fellow in wedlock did join,
 I wish'd——for just such another.

So happy they seem'd and so pleasant they were,
 I vow'd I'd be married——and soon,
 For I thought I wou'd sacrifice all I declare,
 Tho' 'twere, but for the honey moon.

Perhaps you may call me pert forward bold thing,
 And your noses turn up with a scoff,
 But none of you all tho' you flounce and you fling,
 Of a husband would e'er declare off.

But blest be the fates the day and the hour,
 That Corydon brought to my sight;
 His sense and good nature's a kingdom and dow'r,
 My Corydon's all my delight.

In words fewer words than lovers oft say,
 To church we consented to go,
 With pleasure I promis'd to love and obey,
 I wish ev'ry one would do so.

Long courtships—believe me—are nothing but
 Your angels and diamonds a jest, [wind,
 For always I think if I speak out my mind,
 Few words to a bargain are best.

And now my whole care's to please my dear mate,
 No jarring nor brawling we know,
 No argument holding of this and of that,
 But fonder and fonder we grow.

Hail wedlock—blest state—where each can agree,
 But woful to those who've miscarried,
 But I with my Corydon, live as if free,
 Sing blest be the day that I married.

SONG 75.

On the CHARMS of LOVE.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

LET him, fond of fibbing, invoke whom he
 chuses,
 Fine golden lock'd Phœbus, or misses the muses;
 Or some name in the classical kingdom of letters,
 Poets often are apt to make free with their betters.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But I scorn to say aught, save the thing which
 is true,
 No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
 She has charms upon charms, such as few people
 may view,
 She has charms——for the tooth-ach, and eke
 for the ague.

Her lips, she has two, and her teeth they are
 white,
 And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
 Black and all black her eyes are, and sprightly
 they spark;
 Yet they're shut when she sleeps, and she's blind
 in the dark.

Her waist is so—*so*—I'll not waste words about it,
 Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
 Her breasts are so pair'd, two such breasts when
 you see,
 You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had
 three.

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Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are
bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in
hearing ;
The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the
shoulders.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've
carry'd,
And equally pair'd as if happily marry'd ;
Yet wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse thus they're serv'd, when he throws
them aside.

Not too short, nor too tall, but I'll venture to
say,
She's a very good size, in the middling way ;
She's, ay, that she is, she is all—but I'm wrong,
Her all I can't say, 'cause I've sung all my song.

S O N G 76. SUMMER : a rural SONG.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,

With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the
breeze,

Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,

For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,

And see the rays dance as inverted he shines

On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme,)
 Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream,

May the herds cease to lowe, and the lambkins
 to bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain;
 All be silent, and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words, and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give
 us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

S O N G 77. WINTER: a pastoral BALLAD.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf
 be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost
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While the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with cold,

As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow :

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,

And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw

Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides ;
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met ;

Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

When the birds to the barn come hovering for food,

Or they silently sit on the spray ;
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her course should betray.

Heav'n grant in this season it may prove my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,

While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire !

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,

We may live, and no hardships endure ;

Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,

But such as each other may cure.

SONG 78. POMONA : a Pastoral.

By Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
Pomona's compell'd to depart ;
And thus, as in anguish she went,
The goddess unburthen'd her heart :

“ To flourish where liberty reigns,
“ Was all my fond wishes requir'd ;
“ And here I agreed with the swains,
“ To live till their freedom expir'd.

“ Of late you have number'd my trees,
“ And threaten'd to limit my store :
“ Alas—from such maxims as these,
“ I fear—that your freedom's no more.

“ My flight will be fatal to May :
“ For how can her gardens be fine ?
“ The blossoms are doom'd to decay,
“ The blossoms, I mean that were mine.

“ Rich Autumn remembers me well :
“ My fruitage was fair to behold !
“ My pears !—how I ripen'd their swell !
“ My pippins ! were pippins of gold !

“ Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs !
“ She droops as she furrows the soil ;
“ A nectar I shake from my boughs,
“ A nectar that softens my toil.

“ When Bacchus began to repine,
“ With patience I bore his abuse ;

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" He said that I plunder'd the vine,

" He said that I pilfer'd his juice.

" I know the proud drunkard denies

" That trees of my culture should grow :

" But let not the traitor advise :

" He comes from the climes of your foe.

" Alas ! in your silence I read

" The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore :

" 'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed,

" My orchard shall flourish no more."

The Goddess flew off in despair ;

As all her sweet honours declin'd :

And plenty and pleasure declare,

They'll loiter no longer behind.

S O N G 79. The Force of Love.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still ;

Roll it down it never stops,

'Till within the vale it drops :

So are all things prone to love,

All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,

Up ascends the lambent flame ;

Smoke and vapour mount the skies,

All preserve their unities ;

Nought below, and nought above,

Seems averse, but prone to love.

Stop

Stop the meteor in its flight,
 Or the orient rays of light ;
 Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine ;
 Bid the planets not incline ;
 'Tis as vain below, above,
 To impede the course of love.

Salamanders live in fire,
 Eagles to the skies aspire ;
 Diamonds in their quarries lie,
 Rivers do the sea supply :
 Thus appears, below, above,
 A propensity to love.

Metals grow within the mine,
 Luscious grapes upon the vine ;
 Still the needle marks the pole,
 Parts are equal to the whole ;
 'Tis a truth as clear, that love
 Quickens all below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
 Snakes to creep, and birds to fly ;
 Fishes in the water swim,
 Doves are mild, and lions grim ;
 Nature thus below, above,
 Pushes all things on to love.

Does the cedar love the mountain ?
 Or the thirsty deer the fountain ?
 Does the shepherd love his crook ?
 Or the willow court the brook ?
 Thus by nature all things move,
 Like a running stream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold ?
 Does the miser doat on gold ?

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Seek the birds in spring to pair ?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air ?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to love.

As the wench loves a las,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the miller loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon out shines the sun,
When the tygers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall nature cease to love.

SONG 80. THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasure prove,
Of hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,

A

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown, made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

SONG 81. THE NYMPH'S ANSWER.

By Sir WALTER RAWLEIGH.

IF all the world in love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,

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And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers that bloom in wanton field
To wayward winter's beck'ning yield;
A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no mind can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, and age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SONG 82. In Imitation of MARLOW.

COME, live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kifs my summer's green.

The seat of your disport shall be
Over some river in a tree,
Where silver sands and pebbles sing,
Eternal ditties to the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day ;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess wood's echo with sweet notes,
Which to your senses will impart
A music to enflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-deve's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess
To play with me, and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on her bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with more majesty.

Then in my arms will I inclose
Lily's fair mixture with the rose ;

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Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we pass the welcome night,
In sportful pleasure and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance, and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to love's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

S O N G 83. The BAIT.

Another imitation of MARLOW.

By Dr. D O N N E.

C O M E live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With filken lines, and slender hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
More, by thy eyes warm'd, than the sun ;
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt sport in that live bath,
Each native, which the current hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
To catch thee gladder than thou him.

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If

If thou, to be so seen, art loth,
By sun or moon thou darken'st both,
And if my eyes have leave to see,
Their light I need not, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treach'rously poor fish beset,
With strangling snares, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded trout in banks out-wrest:
Let curious traitors mimick flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes eyes.

For thee, thou need'st not such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait :
That fish that is not caught thereby,
Alas ! is wiser far, than I.

SONG 84. JENNY POITIER.

By MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *When I was a young one.*

YE crambo companions, who love-songs
rehearse,
In something between common-sense, prose and
verie,
Your jingle, your jargon, your fiction forbear,
Attend truth's description of Jenny Poitier.

One morn some choice spirits in holy-day
mirth,
By Fancy invited assembled on earth ;

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Wit promis'd, it seems, ere they quitted the air,
He would make up the party with Jenny Poitier.

In pleasure's pavilion 'twas fix'd they should
meet,
Buck Bacchus would butler be, Plenty would
treat ;
Their hostess Delight for the desert took care,
So gave Genius a card to bring Jenny Poitier.

Love gaz'd as she graceful swam dancing along ;
Humour whisper'd to Harmony—encore her song ;
Admiration endeavour'd his joy to declare ;
Taste joyously toasted smart Jenny Poitier.

Judgment enamour'd most rapturous kiss'd her ;
Merit acknowledg'd the lady her sister ;
Rem. Con. 'twas allow'd by the company there,
They all were related to Jenny Poitier.

Come Sullivan—hold, I'll not borrow from art,
Her picture is pencil'd, and set in my heart ;
But figure—what's that ? To perfections so rare,
As the dance, song, and spirit of Jenny Poitier.

SONG 85. COLIN and LUCY.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream,
Where Thames oft his current delays !
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's, bright villa surveys.
Fair Lucy, of all the gay throng,
The fairest that Britain has seen !
Now drew every village along,
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
 For short is the triumph, ye fair!
 Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
 And hope is but gilded despair.
 His desire each swain now behold,
 By riches endeavours to prove!
 But Lucy, still cries, what is gold,
 Or wealth when compar'd to his love?

No Colin! together we'll wield
 Our sickles in summer's bright day;
 Together we'll leaze o'er the field;
 And smile all our labours away!
 In winter I'll winnow the wheat
 As it falls, from your flail, on the ground:
 That flail will be music, as sweet
 When your voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss?
 How oft would he call her his maid?
 And Colin would seal, with a kiss,
 Every promise and vow which he made.
 But hark! o'er the grass-level land,
 The village bells sound on the plain!
 False Colin this morn gave his hand;
 And Lucy's fond tears are in vain!

Sad Lucy too soon heard the tale;
 Too soon the sad cause she was told:
 That his was a nymph of the vale,
 That he broke his fond promise for gold!
 As she walk'd by the margin so green,
 That adorns Thames' flowery side;
 How oft was she languishing seen?
 How oft would she gaze on the tide?

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By the clear mirror then as she sat,
 That reflected herself and the mead ;
 A-while she bewail'd her sad fate !
 And the green turf still pillow'd her head.
 There ! there ! is it Lucy I see ?
 'Tis Lucy the lost undone maid !
 Ah ! no, 'tis some Lucy like me,
 Some hapless young virgin betray'd.

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept ;
 Like me, she has fondly believ'd ;
 Like me, her true promise she kept,
 And like me too is falsely deceiv'd !
 I come, dear companion in grief !
 Gay scenes and fond pleasures adieu !
 I come, and we'll gather relief ;
 From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like you ! I have mourn'd the long night ;
 And wept out the day in despair !
 Like you ! I have banish'd delight ;
 And bosom'd a friend in my care.
 Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell !
 Your velvet still Colin shall tread,
 All deaf to the sound of that knell,
 Which tolls for his Lucy when dead !

Your wish will too sure be obey'd !
 Nor Colin her loss shall bemoan :
 Soon, soon shall poor Lucy be laid,
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.
 Then clasp'd in the arms of that fair,
 Whose wealth has been Lucy's sad fate !
 As together you breathe the free air,
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate ;

If chance, o'er my turf as you tread,
 You dare to affect a fond sigh !
 The primrose will shrink its pale head ;
 And the violet languish and die.
 Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed ;
 The liquid stream parts to the ground ;
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve
 Oft meet at the dark spreading yew ;
 There, wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste and so true !
 With garlands of every flower,
 Which Lucy herself should have made,
 They raise up a short-living bower,
 And sighing ! cry, peace to her shade !

Then, hand lock'd in hand, as they move
 The green-platting hillock around ;
 They talk of sad Lucy, and love !
 And freshen with tears the fair ground.
 Nay ! wish they had never been born,
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view !
 When a Colin could thus be forsworn ;
 And a Lucy could still be so true !



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By Mr.

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SONG 86. HUM-BUG.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Ye medley of mortals.*

THAT life is a joke, Johnny Gay has express'd,
Come on then ! Let us make the most of
a jest ;

In this world's great journey, all mortals are
jogging,

Where some are hum-bug'd, and some others
hum-buging,

Sing tantara-rara hum-bug, hum-bug,

Sing tantara-rara hum-bug.

The courtier puts on a political face,
And obliging familiarly leers on his grace,
Then cries, I'm your friend, fir, depend on my
word,

But if you depend, you're hum-bug'd, *by the Lord.*

Tho' in public, the prude wears the gravest
grimace,

Yet, in secret she'll open her arms to embrace,
And then honestly owns, as her fellow she'll hug,
That life, without loving, is all a hum-bug.

When the husband will melt at his wanton
wife's tears ;

When the virgin will pity her flatterer's prayers ;

When the love of a whore is believ'd by her cully ;

All three are in justice hum-bug'd for their folly.

When pretty miss struts in the fashion's parade,
So prim she appears, that you'd swear she's a maid ;
But,

But, when wed, ask her spouse, and he'll answer
 you glum,
 That her maidenhead, psha ! it was only a hum.

From mother to daughter this hum-bug is gone,
 Women ever for wedlock vote *nemine con* ;
 So wedlock and hum-bug alike we may call,
 That's right, says the parson, I'll hum-bug you all.

Let me tell you that life's no more than a
 trouble,
 Each pleasure at best but a hum-buging bubble ;
 But hold, I've forgot what I thought to be at,
 So my bumper I'll drink ; there's no hum-bug
 in that.

S O N G 87. CORYDON : a Pastoral.

To the memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

By Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM.

C O M E, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid :
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain ;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind !
 He mark'd on his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell ;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never wou'd risle their cell.

Ye

Ye lambkin
 Go bleat
 His music
 His man

No verdure
 No blood
 The sweets
 And win
 No birds in
 (Our hee
 Since he th
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His Phillis
 And poe
 They listen
 But whic
 Ye shepher
 For lost
 So give me
 And thus

S O N

I N the b
 Close to
 Briskly crow
 Jocund t

Swiftly from
 Shadows
 And the pe
 Paints w

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan ;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
 The sweets, of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng ;
 They listen'd——they envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song ?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain ;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus——let me break it in twain.

SONG 88. MORNING. By the smae.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock !)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire :
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the Lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
 Gently greets the morning-gale:
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daisies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)
 Now the busy Bee's employ'd
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream destills,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
 (E're the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious;—whilst the huntsmen's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echos to the rising day.

SONG

SON

FERVID
 Now the
 Drooping o'er
 Not a dew

By the brook
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Now the flock
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ot a leaf has
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SONG 89. NOON. By the same.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows :
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat,
 Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall ;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round ;
 O'er the river, rock and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Little court the zephyrs bland ;
 Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

Not from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs :
 Careful lest the noontide beam
 Scorch its soft, itsilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd—serene—and still !
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid

Languid is the landscape round,
 'Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
 Now the warblers' throats in tune ;
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon !

S O N G 90. EVENING. By the same.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free ;—(the furrow'd task is done)
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky :
 Can the pencil's mimic skill,
 Copy the refugent dye ?

Trudging as the plowmen go,
 (To the smoaking hamlet bound)
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
 Shelter, for the lordy dome !
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home !

As the Lark with vary'd tune,
 Carols to the evening loud ;

Mal

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Tripping t
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Linnets wit
 And the
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 Bid the f

S O N C
 By Mr.

T HE fa
 About

Yet in spite
 Some hum
 selves

Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud !

Now the hermit Owlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake ;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the Trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs ;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckow bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

S O N G 91. A new HUM-BUG Ballad.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Ye medley of mortals.*

THE sages of old, and the learned of this day,
About life, and so forth, have said, and
will say.

Yet in spite of their maxims, as things turn about,
Some hum themselves in, and some hum them-
selves out.

Sing tantara-rara a hum, a hum,

Sing tantara-rara a hum.

† L

This

This nation has often been humbug'd and
 hipp'd,
 We did'nt sail stedly, our helm was unshipp'd;
 But now to an end of our jars we are come,
 And the French find our fighting's no longer a
 hum.

With passions and fashions, and this thing and
 that,
 We would be, we should be; but who can tell
 what;
 This world's a large hive, where to labour we're
 come,
 But like bees, enjoy nothing, excepting our hum.

With ladies when jemmys and jessamys mix,
 They talk, and they walk just like things of no
 sex;
 Yet even these things, sometimes husbands become
 No, no, they're not husbands, for there lays the
 hum.

Some men, all their youth, will live single
 through spite;
 But when maggots of marriage old batchelors bite
 Then they cunningly chuse their own servants—
 but mum,
 Instead of a maid, they may meet with a hum.

We all in our turns meet with pleasures and
 pains,
 To be humm'd, and to hum, are our losses and
 gains:
 When bit we complain, but when biting we're
 mum,
 And—but our bottle is out boys, and that's the
 worst hum.

SONG

SONG 92. By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, like an hermit dwell,
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it, where I may
 Meet a rival every day ?
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Were her tresses angel gold ;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a braid,
 And, with little more a-do,
 Work them into bracelets too ;
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hand as rich a prize
 As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
 If she lays them out to take
 Kisses for good manners sake ;
 And let ever lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip ;
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire by burning too ;
 But when she, by change, hath got
 To her heart a second lot ;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewel her, whate'er she be.

L 2

SONG

SONG 93,

WHENEVER I wed I'll have all things my
 way,
 In nothing I'll e'er be debarred ;
 For sooner than e'er he my will shou'd gainsay,
 Ud rat it, I'd never be marry'd.

So many have thought, perhaps, you may say,
 And oft in this point have miscarry'd ;
 But it signifies nothing, I will have my way,
 Or, rat it, I'll never be marry'd.

To be snubb'd, and be fool'd, that I never can bear,
 For that, faith, I always have parry'd,
 And before that a man shou'd be master, I swear,
 Ud rat it, I'd never be marry'd.

Shou'd ought go awry, he shall frown and shall
 chide,

 If absent I chanc'd to have tarry'd :
 On my word, mighty fine, on such terms to bety'd,
 I wonder who'd ever be marry'd.

I plenty of sweethearts have had in my time,
 And each thought the day to have carry'd ;
 Some courted in prose, and others in rhyme,
 But none of the fools I e'er marry'd,

For the way to live easy is single to be ;
 In wedlock what hopes have miscarry'd !
 No fellow on earth shall e'er controul me,
 For, rat it, I'll never be marry'd.

SONG

S O N G 94.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
The rose-bud beginning to blow in her
face,

For mamma's wife precepts she cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than among the gay youths a tyrant she reigns ;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendor she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, ridotto, and rout ;
Though flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell
what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best make her ready to die ;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell
what.

Ye fair take advice, and be blest while you may,
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray ;
Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know
for what.

SONG 95. KATE of ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamoured beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light :
 To courts begone heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May :
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 The promis'd May—when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 'Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 At her approach, the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new drest green ;—
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks ;
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithsome, o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
 'Till May in morning robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen ;
 The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
 “ Here's Kate of Aberdeen.”

SONG

S O M

Tune

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SONG 96. BY MISS YOUNG.

Tune : *In infancy our hopes and fears.*

IN infancy at Sunning-hill,
 My earliest days were known ;
 Kind parents rectify'd my will,
 And virtue was my crown :
 'Till man, the dear deceiver, came,
 And flatter'd as he sung,
 In vain I check my growing flame,
 Have pity, I am *young*.

Happy a while I liv'd belov'd,
 Ne'er thought of Sunning-hill ;
 Reason in part my choice approv'd,
 And nature pleaded still :
 But now the base deceiver flies,
 Who on my bosom hung ;
 In vain were all my tears and sighs,
 I was, and still am *young*.

So let the vain inconstant go,
 In further search of hearts ;
 From this sad hour I'll scorn to know,
 The force of Cupid's darts :
 Now I'll be free from hence to know,
 The mischief of their song ;
 And if I shed for man one tear,
 May I no more be *young*.

Altho' misfortunes gloom my brow,
 And sadden all my charms,
 Yet my firm mind, no grief shall know,
 Or fear rough care's alarms.
 In spite of proud deceiving man,
 From whom my sorrows sprung,
 This is my universal prayer,
 ' To live and die still *young*.'

SONG

SONG 97. MAY MORNING.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
 May-morning put its beauties on;
 The warblers sung in livelier strain,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain;
 When love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd, ' To the nymph away,
 ' For this is nature's holiday.'

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
 The painted mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd;
 Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
 To new-born pleasures ope thine eyes;
 Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May,
 For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid in beauty bright,
 As Phœbus in meridian light;
 Entranc'd, in rapture all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
 Then gazing with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider, youth's our holiday.

Ah! soft, she said, for pity's sake,
 What! kiss me ere I'm well awake?
 For this so early came you here,
 And hail you thus the rising year?
 Sweet innocence, oh! cease to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday.

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SONG

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A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
She look'd the things she dar'd not speak;
Consent own'd nature's soft command,
And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand;
His dancing heart in transport play'd,
To church he led the blushing maid,
Then blest the happy morn of May;
And now their life's all holiday.

SONG 98. The GREENWOOD SHADE.

TO an arbor of woodbine ye both shall be led,
Soft leaves for your pillow, the grass for
your bed ; [head,
While wanton young sparrows chirp over your
All under the greenwood shade.
When the moon with pale lustre just peeps thro'
the grove,
And nightingales answer the chaste turtle dove,
The maid without blushing shall grasp her true
All under the greenwood shade. [love ;
Our pleasures quite harmless begin with the day,
We ever are buxom, we ever are gay :
No virgins dissemble, no shepherds betray,
All under the greenwood shade.
Tho' frowns for a while arm the face of the fair,
Yet soon our young lover forgets all his care ;
For Phillis cries do not, oh ! do not—despair,
All under the greenwood shade.

SONG 99.

DID ye see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass
 this way, [May?
 A TOWN'd with myrtle, and all the gay verdure of

'Tis my Strephon, oh! bring him once more to
 my eyes,
 From his Lucy, in search of new pleasures, he flies,
 All the day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the
 plains,
 In pursuit of a rebel, that's scarce worth the pains.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters
 and swears,
 How you foolishly trust your too credulous ears;
 Like the rose-bud in June, ev'ry hand he'll invite,
 But wound the kind heart, like a thorn out of
 sight;
 And believe me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
 She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth the
 pains.

Three months at my feet did he languish and
 sigh,
 Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply.
 Love, honour and truth, were the themes that he
 sung,
 And he vow'd that his heart was a-kin to his
 tongue.
 Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,
 And gave him too freely my heart for his pains.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
 Soon the wanton grew weary and flung it away;
 Now cloy'd with my love from my arms he does fly,
 In search of another as silly as I:
 But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
 She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth the
 pains.

Beware

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 Tho' simple

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you sooth the fond
flame,

And believe in good time all the sex are the same.
Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble and change;
And do all we can, still this maxim remains,
That man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
the pains.

S O N G 100. The MILLER.

By Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold
estate—

A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies,
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment—
His constant companions are health and content!
Their lordships in lace, may remark if they will,
He's honest though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May:
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair.
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
No fraud nor ambition his bosom does fill,
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good!

At night when the priest and exciseman are gone
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John
 Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill :
 No monarch more blest than the man of the mill

SONG 101.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Johnny Adair of Kilternan.*

WHEN learned folks in rhymes make a rout,
 They invoke the gods of the Greeks, fir;
 On Pegasus jump and gallop about,
 As if wanting to break their necks, fir.
 But simple me, so high can't sing,
 To Parnassus I make no pretences ;
 All I can say is, god bless the king,
 May his subjects keep in their senses.

For in vanity's spite our thoughts run astray,
 We are troubled with fits of the mother ;
 We'll be wise men to-morrow, tho' silly to-day,
 The next day, nor one thing nor t'other.
 When we lost Port-Mahon, our spirits were dash'd,
 Nay, crazy we were for a season ;
 And madmen like, 'till we got heartily thrash'd,
 We could not recover our reason.

'Tis true it is pity, and pity 'tis true ;
 But I beg you'll believe a poor poet ;
 In the glass of self-love, tho' we've wisdom in
 view,
 Yet we're most of us mad, but won't know it.

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Law and phyfic by some folks are thought to be
bad,

Because their effects may annoy them ;
Yet lawyers and doctors we won't set down mad,
But we'll *Item* all those who employ them.

More or less to the scurvy mankind are a prey,
If you please to believe your physician ;
And a man when he's mad, I will venture to say,
Is but in a scurvy condition.

Wine makes our blood good, and good blood
makes us sound,

If you'll *Recipe quantum sufficit* ;
Since for madnefs, my friends, I've this remedy
found,
Let none be so mad as to miss it.

S O N G 102.

Sent with a pair of Stockings, a present to a LADY.

TO please the Fair, what different ways
Each lover acts his part ;
One tenders snuff, another praise,
A tooth-pick, or a heart !
Alike they all, to gain their end,
Peculiar arts disclose ;
While I, submissive, only send
An humble pair of hose.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,
The snowy limbs that wear 'em,
And kindly lend their influence warm,
To every thing that's near 'em.

† M

But

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
 Nor move your indignation,
 If I a little partial seem'd
 In gifts or commendation :

Each fair perfection to display
 Wou'd far exceed my charter,
 My humble muse must never stray
 Above the knee or garter.
 And who did e'er a subject view
 So worthy to be prais'd,
 Or from so fair foundation knew
 So fine a structure rais'd ?

Thou learn'd leech, sage Kemper, say,
 (In spite of drugs and plasters)
 You who can talk the live-long day
 Of buildings and pilasters :
 You who for hours have rov'd about
 Thro' holes and colonnades,
 And scarce would deign to tread on aught
 But arches and arcades :

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,
 Two nobler pillars view ;
 What yielding marble ere was found
 So exquisitely true ?
 The swelling dome, with stately show,
 May many fancies please,
 I view content what lies below
 The cornice of the frieze :

The lovely twins, so white so round,
 That bear the noble pile,
 Must sure proceed from Venus' mound,
 Or from Cythera's isle.

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S O N

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Propitious fates preserve them safe,
 And keep them close together,
 And grant they may the malice brave
 Of man, as well as weather.

From luckless love, or rancour base,
 May never harm attend 'em,
 And grant, whatever be the case,
 That I may still defend 'em.
 By gentle, generous love, 'tis true,
 They never can miscarry,
 No ill can come, no loss ensue
 From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat
 Precipitate invade,
 Believe me, Bell, they then may need
 Some seasonable aid.
 O may I ready be at hand
 From every harm to screen 'em,
 Then Samson-like, I'll take my stand,
 And live, or die between 'em.

S O N G 103. FAREWEL to HOPE.

HOPE, sweetest child of Fancy born,
 Tho' transient as the dew of morn,
 Thou who canst charm, with sound and light,
 The deafen'd ear, and darken'd sight,
 And in dry desarts glad the swains
 With bubbling springs, and cultur'd plains;
 No more invent thy airy schemes,
 Nor mock me with fantastic dreams;
 No more thy flattering stories tell,
 Deceitful prattler, Hope, farewell!

M 2

Adieu

Adieu the pleasing prospect, plann'd
 By Fancy's fair delusive hand !
 No more that momentary ray,
 Which gilds by fits a showery day,
 Shall show me in a distant grove,
 Health, friendship, peace, content and love ;
 While many a nymph, and many a youth,
 By Hymen join'd, and crown'd by Truth,
 On verdant hillocks danc'd and play'd,
 Or warbled in the hawthorn shade.

No more, with sweet endearing talk,
 Shalt thou beguile my vernal walk ;
 No more, as thro' the wint'ry vale,
 We journey on, with many a tale
 Of fancied pleasure, cheer the day,
 And strew with flowers the rugged way,
 Still pointing to that rural cell,
 Where Innocence and Stella dwell ;
 Charm with the bubbling of a rill,
 That gushes from the neighbouring hill.

O let me now in silence rove
 Thro' yon sequester'd cypress grove,
 Where, crown'd with leaves of baleful yew,
 And circled by a Stygian crew,
 (When, from the ivy-mantled tower,
 'The cock proclaims the midnight hour)
 Pale Melancholy takes her round,
 And o'er the mouldering, hallow'd ground
 Where lovers lie, desponding stands,
 And, dumb, with pity wrings her hands.

While thus, with gloomy thought oppress'd,
 Heart-piercing sorrow heav'd my breast,

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A heavenly form swift gliding by,
 With healing comfort in her eye,
 A look of winning softness cast,
 And thus address me as she past ;
 " Mortal, be wise ! and even in death,
 " Let Hope receive thy parting breath !
 " Securely trust my guardian care,
 " And, led by Reason, shun Despair."

S O N G 104. On being MUM.

By MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Ye medley of Mortals.*

YE gossips, who blab out the secrets of state,
 Ye tell-tales, who over the tea-tables prate,
 Ye boasters of favours, from beauties o'ercome,
 Be wiser, poor prattlers, henceforward be *mum*.
Sing tantara-rara mum all, mum all,
Sing tantara-rara mum all.

When the girl grants her lover one favour too
 many,
 As girls to their lovers can scarce refuse any,
 When she's left, she may pout, she may glout,
 and look glum, [*mum*.
 Yet she's still thought a maid, if she still is but

Ye wives, who have husbands neglecting their
 duties,
 That time give the bottle that's due to your
 beauties ;
 Would you cure them ? take care when in drink
 they reel home,
 To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be
mum. M 3 It

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold
long,
But the best hold of all is to hold fast your tongue,
Tho' wits by their words good companions become,
Can they get half so much as the man who is *mum*?

The servant, who sily keeps silent, will rise,
His ears he must doubt; nor give faith to his eyes:
Ask the fine waiting-maid, how she rich could
become,
She will curtsy and answer, *because I was mum*.

When the wealth-wanting husband the rich
lover views,
As the fashion is now to grow fond of his spouse,
By the hopes of a pension his jealousy's dumb
And the hopes of a pleasure keeps madam bride
mum.

But enough has been said, and enough has been
sung,
Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er
your tongue;
I've no more to say, to an end I am come,
My chymes are all out, I must henceforth be *mum*.

S O N G 105. The LASS of the MILL.

Tune: *Ye Commons and Peers*.

DAN Pope first in vogue
Brought the blithe Molly Mogg,
And flourish'd her praise with his quill;
But strange! that as yet
No *Twickenham* wit
Ever thought on a neighbouring mill.

That.

That the sea's foamy juice
 Did Venus produce,
 Let poets insist on it still,
 I stoutly aver,
 That a fairer than her,
 Took her rise from the froth of the mill.

But say, O ye nine,
 How a nymph so divine
 Could the lap of a miller's wife fill?
 Say, did not some god
 Stray out of his road,
 And set up his staff in the mill.

Jove roguish and loose,
 In the shape of a goose,
 Did Leda so lovingly bill,
 That Helen she hatch'd,
 Who never was match'd,
 But by the fair lass of the mill.

In another disguise
 Alcmena he plies,
 Like Amphytrion he frolics his fill;
 Then why might not Jove,
 As a cloak for his love,
 Take upon him the man of the mill.

Now to tell every grace
 Of this fresh-water lass,
 I must own far surpasses my skill
 Ev'n Pope could not do't,
 And from head to foot
 Describe the fair lass of the mill.

Once Homer inflam'd,
 An hundred tongues claim'd

Some

Some arduous task to fulfill;
 Let me tell thee, old bard,
 This task were too hard,
 Tho' thou hadst all the clacks of the mill.

Ye youths all beware!
 She's bewitchingly fair,
 Her eyes most assuredly kill;
 And a bosom more sleek
 Than the downy swan's neck
 Has the beautiful lass of the mill.

Under petticoat red
 Tho' her feet be well hid,
 Yet peep they alternately will;
 Which plainly will shew
 More charms in perdue
 Has the beautiful lass of the mill.

But fy! Muse, forbear
 'Tis better by far
 No more of those charms to reveal;
 So doing you might
 New rivals excite,
 And carry more sacks to the mill.

With influence benign,
 Ah! would she incline
 With my stars but to favour my will,
 So it might be with her,
 'Twould be raptures I swear,
 And music to live in a mill.

Then fair-one be kind,
 Nor with water or wind
 Inconstant turn round like the wheel,
 Lest, when I am dead,
 It might justly be said,
 That thy heart was the stone of the mill.

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SONG 106.

The SHEPHERDESS lamenting her
drowned LOVER.

YE maids of the village attend
To the sorrowful tale I now speak,
Oh, refuse not your comfort to lend,
For my heart is just ready to break !

Ye knew my dear Celadon well,
He was sprightly, and handsome, and young,
On his lips what persuasion did dwell ?
How melodiously soft was his song !

He was all my fond heart e'er desir'd,
He was all that was gen'rous and brave,
What pity the charms I admir'd
From death had not power to save !

But just as the day did approach,
To give the dear youth to my arms,
From the waters they brought me his corse,
How faded were all his gay charms !

As the lily, when drooping with rain,
Dejectedly hangs down its head,
So languish'd his beautiful cheek,
And all its vermilion was fled.

His voice, that as music was sweet,
No more I enraptur'd shall hear,
No more the fond swain shall repeat
A tale of soft love in my ear,

Convey

Convey the dear youth to his grave,
 Left his beautiful form I adore ;
 Yet one silent kiss let me have,
 For, alas ! I shall see him no more.

Ye maidens attend on his bier,
 And strew all the path way with flow'rs ;
 And oh ! ye kind deities hear !
 May their loves be more happy than ours !

As for me, I will henceforth beware
 How in love I engage my fond heart ;
 For tho' love is a joy, how severe
 Is the pang from a lover to part !

S O N G 107.

SINCE we went out a maying, too late I can
 find,
 Young Harry has run day and night in my mind,
 He's grown so bewitching as never before,
 For I find that I love him each time more and
 more.

Each morning his face with what pleasure I see,
 Not my own at the glass is so handsome to me,
 I'm so vex'd, I could cry when his visit is o'er,
 Nor help if I would but must love more and more.

He'd have me to sing to him all the day long,
 And says, mine's as sweet as the nightingale's song;
 Such praises as these I had never before,
 I'm sure that he loves me—tho' I love him more.

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When my mother was gone, with a resifless look
 He begg'd for a kifs, but an hundred he took:
 I ask'd, why so free? who was ne'er so before,
 He blush'd, and then promis'd to do so no more.

How I wish'd the dear shepherd for life was but
 mine,
 I should have no occasion to chide or to pine:
 Then Harry my lips may with kisses run o'er,
 And I'll try if it can be to love him still more.

S O N G 108. The MAYING.

AS I rambled one morning a maying,
 Where the cowslips and primrose were
 spread,

Young Damon I found too was straying,
 But he sigh'd and hung down his head!
 I tun'd up a love pleasing ditty,
 He started and sprung to my arms,
 He swore that my sonnet was pretty,
 And said he could feast on my charms.

I said that men always would flatter,
 And women would fondly believe;
 He said I knew nought of the matter,
 But try him, he ne'er would deceive;
 He kiss'd me, while covered with blushes,
 Denial I faintly put on,
 To my bosom his hands then he pushes,
 While I cry'd, fy! Damon have done.

He said a green gown he would give me,
 I vow'd he was foolish and rude;
 He did it, and if you'll believe me,
 Might have done it again if he cou'd.

Then maidens, come with me a roving
 I'll shew you the place where I lay,
 And you'll find there's no season for loving,
 Like what I have found in the May.

SONG 109.

TWAS in the bloom of May,
 When odours breathe around ;
 When nymphs are blithe and gay,
 And all with mirth abound :
 That happily I stray'd,
 To view my fleecy care,
 Where I beheld a maid,
 No mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head,
 A bonnet made of straw,
 Which such a face did shade,
 As Phœbus never saw :
 Her locks of nutbrown hue,
 A round-ear'd coif conceal'd ;
 Which to my pleasing view,
 A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist,
 A scrip embroider'd hung ;
 The lute her fingers grac'd,
 Accompany'd with a song ;
 With such a pleasing note,
 Cuzzoni might regale ;
 Or Philomela's throat,
 That warbles thro' the vale.

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SONG

By Mr

Tune: You

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Not long I stood to view,
 Struck with her heavenly air ;
 I to the charmer flew,
 And caught the yielding fair :
 Hear this ye scornful belles,
 And milder ways pursue ;
 She that in charms excels,
 Excels in kindness too.

SONG 110. BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Young Strepben he went t'other day to the wake.*

WHILE gentle folks strut in their silver and
 fattins,
 We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and
 pattens ;
 Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,
 As they at their opperores outlandish ling o ;
 Calling out, bravo, ankorro, and caro,
 Tho' I will sing nothing but Bartlemew fair o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other
 crowds driving, [striving ;
 Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary
 Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and
 shrieking,
 Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-
 girls squeaking,
 Come my rare round and sound, here's choice of
 fine ware o,
 Though all was not sound sold at Bartlemew fair o.

† N

There

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and show-
 ing of postures,
 With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters;
 With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squaling;
 The tap-house-guests roaring, and mouth-pieces
 bawling. [sailors,
 Pimps, pawn-brokers, strollers, fat landladies,
 Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers,
 and taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder
 plot, fir,
 Wild beasts all alive, and pease-porridge all hot, fir,
 Fine sausages fry'd, and the black on the wire;
 The whole court of France, and nice pig at the
 fire.
 Here's the up-and-downs, who'll take a seat in
 the chair o,
 Tho' there's more ups-and-downs than at Bartle-
 mew fair o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall drome-
 dary,
 The chaise without horses, and queen of Hungary;
 Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides,
 come who rides, fir?
 Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fine eating besides, fir,
 The fam'd learn'd dog that can tell all his letters,
 And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble
 'mong gay things;
 Our passions, like children, are tempted by play-
 things;
 By sound and by show, by trash and trumpery,
 The fal-lals of fashion, and frenchify'd frumpery.
 What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare o!
 And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair o.

SON

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SONG 111. HOPE : a pastoral Ballad.

MY pipe sounds a chearfuller note,
 My crook is new garnish'd with flow'rs,
 This day to sweet thoughts I devote,
 Where blossom the eglantine bow'rs.

My sheep unattended may stray
 Where clover impurples the plain ;
 My dog unregarded may play,
 'Till morning rise on him again.

'Tis fit that they too should partake
 Of the joy that enlivens my soul ;
 At night I'll repair to the wake,
 And merrily quaff the full bowl.
 Just now as I walk'd thro' the grove,
 I met my dear Delia there,
 And told her a tale of my love,
 Which she seem'd with soft pleasure to hear.

A blush, like the blush of the dawn,
 Stole over her beautiful cheek ;
 Smiles, sweeter than infants new-born,
 Told, more than I wish'd her to speak.
 I stole from her hand a sweet kiss,
 Nor tried she to draw it away ;
 No description comes up to the bliss
 That reigns in my bosom to-day :

Methinks ev'ry zephyr that blows,
 Soft music conveys to my ear ;
 Methinks ev'ry flow'ret that grows
 More blooming and fresh does appear.
 The birds tune their musical throats,
 And sing most delightfully sweet ;
 In soft and more delicate notes
 Sweet Echo my sighs does repeat.

SONG 112.

A DIALOGUE.

A. GET along, fir,—I hate you : that's flat—
G Let me go then—Lord blefs me !—be
 quiet :

If you won't keep your hands off—take that—
 D'ye think I came here to a riot ?

B. Why, madam—how now ?—Do you scratch ?
 In short, miss, I won't bear this usage—
 You're a little, unthinking, cross patch—
 And yet you're of miss I know who's age.

A. Of this, or of that miss's age,
 What bus'ness have fellows with me, fir ?
 Put your self into ne'er such a rage,
 I care not three skips of a flea, fir.

B. Lord, madam, I hope no offence ;—
 My words seldom bear any meaning :—
 Besides, you're a lady of sense,
 And anger would scorn to be seen in.

A. Such rudeness would ruffle a faint ;
 I wish you could learn to be civil.—

B. One kiss, and I will, I'll maintain't—

A. Well ! sure you're an impudent devil.

There !—now are you satisfied ?—*B.* No :

A. What, again ! how can folks be so teasing ?

B. While your lips so much sweetness bestow,
 Your nails can do nothing displeasing.

SONG

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SON

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WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter,
 In what secret grove or cave ?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave :
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns ;
 Cupid shoots like Haymen's archer,
 Wheresoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 If discretion guide us not,
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot ;
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer ;
 Now some subtle, mean invader,
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand mammas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake :
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns ;
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it in your knots and fans.

S O N G 114. By Mr. SHENSTONE.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold :
Of those she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear !
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress :
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG 115.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Guildford stile.*

THO' wisdom will preach about joy, fir,
Faith folly will practice as well :
Men are simple, and life's but a toy, fir,
In toying it is we excel.
Is it worth our while,
Through learning to toil ?
Or trouble our heads how to think ?
Thought ne'er was design'd,
To puzzle the mind,
So only let's mind who's to drink.

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King Solomon, I'm not profane, fir,
 Was a wise, yet a whimsical elf ;
 He never thought any thing vain, fir,
 'Till he was past pleasure himself.
 He used to say,
 There's a time to play,
 To labour, to love, and to think ;
 Let those in their prime,
 Remember their time,
 At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on reflection, be jolly,
 Dispassionate dulness despise ;
 Did you once know the pleasure of folly,
 You'd ne'er be so weak, to be wise.
 Let the trumpet of fame,
 Those heroes proclaim,
 Who never at cannon-balls blink,
 By the busy in trade,
 Be cent per cent made,
 'Tis cent per cent better to drink.

Come about with a bumper boys hearty,
 To our king and our country success ;
 To oblivion toss envy and party,
 May freedom our fire-sides bless.
 Here's a health to those,
 Who will face our foes,
 To those who dare speak as they think ;
 To such sort of men,
 Again and again,
 Again and again boys we'll drink.

SONG 116. The FOUR MISSES.

Tune : *Balance a Straw.*

TO think on one's follies, sometimes, is but
right,

And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing got by't:
How many ways mortals pursue after bliss,
But still the genteelest is keeping a *Miss* :
The prudent are constant to one, and no more ;
But I, like a blockhead, must dabble with four :
I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a rake,
Miss-fortune, *Miss*-conduct, *Miss*-chance, and
Miss-take.

Four jilts so destructive, four brimstones so bad,
By Jove ! were sufficient to drive a man mad :
Tho' jealousy oft makes the fair disagree,
Yet these all united in kindness to me ;
In life's wanton paths they seduc'd me to stray,
And seem'd to spread flow'rs of delight on the way :
So simple was I, I'd have dy'd for the sake
Of *Miss*-fortune, *Miss*-conduct, *Miss*-chance, and
Miss-take.

At length fair Discretion, with Reason combin'd,
Thus whisper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind :
“ You've surely not got 'em *For better for worse* ;
“ Get at once into bus'ness you'll get a divorce.
I thought 'twas my duty to part with 'em too ;
Because they so long had detain'd me from you :
And now, do but smooke, and I'll ever forsake
Miss-fortune, *Miss*-conduct, *Miss*-chance, and
Miss-take.

SONG

SONG 117. ENGLISH ALE.

THE truths that I sing none deny me,
 They're truths that must ever prevail ;
 Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
 By the force of our English good Ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
 They are what we expected, and stale ;
 Your troops, and your fleets our disdain are,
 By the force of our English good Ale.

When Bess, that brave queen rul'd the nation,
 'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail ;
 She dealt to the Dons tribulation,
 By the force of our English good Ale.

And thus we will serve them for ever,
 Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail ;
 There's none like our people, so clever,
 By the force of our English good Ale.

Free-born, we support our defender,
 To our sons we hand down the detail ;
 Defy the de'il, pope, and pretender,
 By the force of our English good Ale.

SONG 118.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
 As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind ;
 My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
 And my mistress as fond of each fellow she meets.
 Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least
 strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.]

Go Mifs where ſhe will, and whenever ſhe pleaſe,
Her conduct ſhall ne'er my philoſophy teaze ;
Her freedom ſhall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the ſame as another to me.
So, in ſpite of her airs, I'll not make the leaſt ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who ſtupidly pine
For falſe-hearted gipſeys they title divine ;
At worſt of my love-fits no phyſic I aſk,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.
For go things how they will, I'll not make the leaſt
ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good-humour and ſenſe,
Shall ſtill to my heart have the warmeſt pretence;
And for thoſe that would jilt me, deceive, and
betray,
In honeſter bumpers I'll waſh them away.
'Tis my final reſolve, not to make the leaſt ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

S O N G 119.

EV'RY mortal ſome favourite pleaſure purſues,
Some to White's run for play, ſome to
Batſon's for news ;
To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applauſe,
And ſome triſlers delight to hear Nichols's noiſe :
But ſuch idle amuſements I'll carefully ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finiſh'd his ſummer career,
And his maturing aid bleſt the huſbandman's care ;
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When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-home,
And, their labour being o'er, are at leisure to
 roam ;

From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my
 gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,
And none dare to stir but the dog I command ;
When the covey he springs, and I bring down
 my bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford.
No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd to the woods I repair,
And I brush thro' the thickets, devoid of all fear;
There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often
 fill, [shun,

For death (where I find them) they seldom can
My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;
Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand:
When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
 spring, [woods ring !

With heart-cheering notes, how they make the
Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay ;
Then I think of my friends, and to each send a part,
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart :
Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

SONG

SONG 120.

C O N T E N T : a pastoral Ballad.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had
crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,
And deck'd the sod-seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard, by some glances she
cast,
Love sily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together

Together we range o'er the flow-^{er}-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views ;
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distills,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

SONG 121. The MARRIED MAN.

I Am married, and happy ; with wonder hear
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age, [this,
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And who only loose pleasures engage :
 You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in
 the wrong,
 When you merrily marriage deride ;
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive—never sincere ;
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts, and by fears :
 But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection resin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which you boast of, deserves not that
 name,
 True love is with sentiment join'd ;
 But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

† O

When

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
 With this, and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
 My answer is short—" From a wife,
 " Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature
 " I chose,
 " Which are beauties that charm us for life."
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to
 night,
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G 122. A HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold, [behold.
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
 The lark's early matin proclaims, the new day,
 And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our
 delay !

*With the sports of the field, there's no pleasure can wit,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, the bounds in full cry.*

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy, [court;
 But innocence still gives us a zest to our joy.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;

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The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame ;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
 to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
*With the sports of the field, there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow, &c. the hounds in full cry.*

S O N G 123.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the
 hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with env'y does fill,
 Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare ;
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid ;
 Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
 And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
 And from thence, how to win the dear maid, was
 my care ;
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I
 was rude,
 And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude :
 I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there,
 But laid all the blame on her delicate air ;

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to
 obtain,
 And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond
 pain.
 She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
 But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit ;
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute :
 'Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
 fair,
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

S O N G 124.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me :
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,
 Their only wish to see :
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

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Will you in every look declare,
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idle, anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame ?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 That you've forgot to love :
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

SONG 125.

I Met young Damon t'other day ;
 And, near me as he drew,
 No swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With ardent bliss my lips he prest :
 Pray what could Phillis do ?
 I frown'd—but only frown'd in jest ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

The shepherd sigh'd and talk'd of love,
 A theme to me quite new ;
 Of angels, heav'n, and pow'rs above ;
 And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throb'd, I knew not why,
 As still more fond he grew :
 I listen'd to his tale with joy ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

" Let Damon now be blest," he cry'd,
 And fondly to me flew :
 I strove, but vainly strove to chide ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread, I look'd consent,
 Felt joys but known to few ;
 For then I found what Damon meant,
 And all he said was true.

S O N G 126.

The ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
 feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
 Merry Momus among them was fat as a guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

" Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 " Grows grievously tired of late ;
 " He says that mankind are much worse than
 before,
 " So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."

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Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
 world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Mifs, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere
 bound,

And she variously planted the earth :
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit :

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n.

We will while we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp it
 in death,

Then return it untainted to heav'n.

S O N G 127.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 While soaring sky-larks shook the air,
 Warbling o'er her head ;

In

In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd ;
 (Love's impulse all must feel)
 She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with rock and reel,
 “ So life by time is spun ;
 “ And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
 “ The world turns up and down :
 “ Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 “ While I no changes feel,
 “ But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 “ And turn my spinning-wheel.

“ From me let men and women too
 “ This home-spun lesson learn,
 “ Not mind what other people do,
 “ But eat the bread they earn :
 “ If none were fed, were that to be,
 “ But what deserv'd a meal,
 “ Some ladies then, as well as me,
 “ Must turn the spinning wheel.”

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's fwain :
 “ Come,” cries the dame, “ Nance, here's thy
 spouse ;
 “ Away throw rock and reel :”
 Blithe Nancy with the bonny news
 O'er-set her spinning-wheel.

S O N G

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S O N G 128.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the
fair ;

I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign ;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine :
'Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile ;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And, the more I behold her, the more I admire !
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore ;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no
more.

How happy our days when with love we engage !
'Tis the transport of youth ; 'tis the comfort of
age ;

But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl ?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul !

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
From this plain confession, 'tis plain my good
friend,

You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry ?
From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
spring ;

Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford ;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord :
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

S O N G 129. A Pastoral

WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since Phœbe no longer is here ?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, if she's from the plains ?
 Her hands they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill ?
 There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold !

How oft' wou'd I spy out a charm,
 Which before, had been hid from my view !
 And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips, how they grew !
 How long the sweet contest would last !
 'Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

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No changes of place, or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near ;
 Alike was each weather, and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year :
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May ;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind gods could impart ;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair, and the envy of art :
 There all, that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest ;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

S O N G 130.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a
 hill,

A free hearted fellow, attends on his mill,
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his
 face,

And honesty gives e'en to aukwardness grace :
 Beslour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a king ;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid :
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year :
He's

He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote ;
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat :
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what they
 will,

They ne'er can seduce the stanch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,

Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace,
 Tho' Old England, he knows, may have strength
 and have skill,

To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
 Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay:
 His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free :
 With his hand and his heart to king George does
 he fill.

May all loyal souls act the man of the mill !

S O N G 131. HEBE. A Pastoral.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 And I thought (but it might not be so)
 She was sorry to see me depart :
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern,
 And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought she had bade me return.

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Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and sing of her lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That would sing me a song in her praise :
 While he sings, may the maids in the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while ;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth, with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile, if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age ;
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet so engaging as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
 Go, shepherds, and envy my song.

SONG 132. TASTE.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window.*

YE learned o'er classics, who pore night and
day,

And life time in school phrases waste ;
Etymologies ye can unriddle, then say,

From whence is derived the term *Taste*.

When genius, wit, learning, and science are
shown,

We know which it is we'd be at ;

But since *Taste* has been term'd as a phrase on the
town,

We neither know this thing nor that.

Over catalogues poring the auction folks see ;

Hark ! Sir, something the connoisseur speaks
About Raphael, Correggio, Vandyke, Monami,
Intaglias, Mosaics, Antiques.

His honour observes quite the things to be sure ;

'Tis immense, 'tis prodigious, 'tis vast ;

Then the handling, disposing, fore-ground, and
contour,

Oh ! he talks all in all, who talks *Taste*.

To the lucky, enrich'd by large plunder from
White's,

Each supple-knee'd sycophant bows ;

While science and learning are stared at for frights,
They are creatures whom no body knows.

In vain may a genius petition his grace,

On the pavement his hours he'll waste ;

The porter will slap-to the door in his face,

For merit we know is not *Taste*.

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Not by reason or passion, but fashion we think,
 By fashion we swear and we pray ;
 By fashion we game, and by fashion we drink,
 For each vice like a dog has it's day.
 Once Shakespear could please, now op'ras endear,
 And on sounds large subscriptions we waste ;
 Like pillory felons, we're nail'd by the ear,
 For forging that phantom call'd *Taste*.

To be sure Aristotle had something to say,
 But to mind him 'tis not worth our while ;
 We don't want to: alk now, but only to play,
 So the classic in taste must be Hoyle.
 By rhetoric rules would you study to speak,
 The time while you read runs to waste ;
 'Tis from wagers alone that your proofs you must
 seek,
Done first, is the logic in *Taste*.

We have been so well-bred, so immensely polite,
 So refin'd by our dear friends in France ;
 That we really believ'd it ill manners to fight,
 You'll allow it is *sans complaisance*.
 But the Genius of England awaken'd our youth,
 In fame's trumpet blew LIBERTY's blast.
 Old Honour unfolded the standard of Truth,
 And we've prov'd ourselves BRITONS at last.

SONG 133 The COUNTRY WEDDING.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young
 swain,
 To a lovely young shepherdes crossing the plain;
 Why so much in haste ? (now the month it was
 May)
 Shall I venture to ask you fair maiden which way ?
 P 2 Then

Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile in her look, and a leer in her eye,
 I am come from the village, and homeward I go;
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you
 know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you went take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this ; [love]
 I would see you safe home (now the swain was in
 Of such a companion if you would approve :
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil I own,
 But I see no great danger in going alone ;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free,
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took
 heart)

Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part :
 Oh ! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then ;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men :
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
 Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

Oh ! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd ;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride ;
 To-morrow the parson (well said little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us
 twain :

Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said ;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed :
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down ;
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town ?

SONG

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SONG 134. LAZY JOHNNY.

WHERE's my swain so blithe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?

Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.

If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny:
Love has flying wings, I well know,
Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing?
Is he with the lasses Maying?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature,
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature.
But I can't, nor will I tarry,
Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
I may lose the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,
If I'm yours away no longer;
If you won't another'll have me,
I may cool but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in despair and sorrow,
Bless'd another lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SONG 135.

AS Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he
prest,

While his passion he breath'd in the grove :

“ As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,

“ As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,

“ So true and unchang'd is my love.

“ If e'er this heart roves, or revolts from its chains,

“ May Ceres, in rage, quit the vallies and plains;

“ May Pan his protection deny :

“ In vain wou'd young Phillis and Laura be kind;

“ On the lips of another no pleasure I find ;

“ With thee, as I've liv'd, so I'll die.”

More still had he swore——but the Queen of the
May,

Young Jenny, the wanton, by chance tript that
way,

And sought sweet repose in the shade.

With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the sad tale,

The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,

And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,

In the form of Alexis, young Cupid drew nigh,

Of shepherds the envy and pride :

Ah! blame not the maid, if o'ercome by his truth,

Her hand and her heart she bestow'd on the youth,

And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example ye fair,
That a pleasing revenge shou'd take place of
despair ;

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On our brows while we laurell'd-crown'd liberty
 wear,
 All that Englishmen ought we as Englishmen dare;
 'Tho' tempests and terrors around us we see,
 Bribes nor fears can't prevail o'er the heart which
 is free.

With loyalty, liberty let us entwine,
 Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine;
 Let us set an example, what all men should be,
 And a toast give the world—Here's to those dare
 be free.

SONG 137.

A MEDLEY, or the CRIES of LONDON.

SEE the happy country lass,
 Sits contented on the grass,
 All the day does sport and play;
 How sweet the moments pass:

But here's no rest no quietness or sleep,
 For sweep, sweep, sweep, foot, ho.
 Milk, milk, ho.
 Hot cakes, here's Prussian hot cakes—
 Any old cloaths, old cloaths to sell—
 Old cloaths, shoes, hats or cloaths—
 Brags to mend, bellows to mend—
 Hot spice ginger-bread hot, come buy my spice
 ginger-bread smoaking hot—
 Buy a fire stone cheek for your fives, buy a fire
 stone—

A long tail pig, or a short tail pig, or a bob tail
pig, or a pig without e'er a tail, a sow pig or
a boar pig, or a pig with a curling tail——

Holloway cheese cakes——

Buy a Dutch loaf, buy a Dutch loaf——

Knives to grind, scissars to grind——

Old chairs to mend——

Do you want any matches, come buy my fine
matches, come buy them of me, oh, they are
the best matches that ever you see, for light-
ing a candle or kindling a fire, they are the
best matches you can desire, see there, see
there, see there——

Here's your nice fresh cod, dainty live cod, floun-
ders——

Fine Seville oranges or lemons——

Come buy my water cresses, ground ivy, ground
ivy, come buy my ground ivy——

Cooper——

Already pick'd green and large goose-berries six
pence a gallon——

Fine singing birds——

Oh, raree show, oh, raree show, come see my pret-
ty show——

Here's the last dying speech and confession, birth,
parentage and education of all the——

Nice potatoes, fine potatoes——

Hare skins or rabbit skins——

Glass, any old glass bottles to sell, tops and bottoms.

Do you want a good flint, or a good steel?——

Here's sugar, sugar peas——

Nice young peas, nice young beans——

Penknives, scissars, buckles or buttons——

Buy a broom, buy a brush, or a hair broom——

E'er a table mat or door-mat——

Any hare skins, maids——

Here's

Here's money for old rags——

Newcastle falmon, Newcastle falmon——

Buy all my eels——

Have you e'er a spot or stain, let it be tar, coomb,
or any greafe, I'll take it out now before
your face, out of——

Any choice polonies, fine polonies——

Hot grey peas hot——

Lloyd's Evening, Lloyd's Evening post——

Past ten o'clock——

The London Gazette, London Gazette, great news
in the London Gazette——

Past eleven o'clock——

The card invites, in crouds we fly,

To join the jovial routful cry,

To join the jovial routful cry.

What joy from cards and plagues all day,

To hye to the midnight, hark away, hark away,

To hye to the midnight, hark away.

The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,

All hye to the midnight, hark away, hark away,
hark away.

The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,

All hye to the midnight, hark away, hark away,
hark away,

All hye to the midnight, hark away.

SONG

By Mr.

WOUL

At operas a

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SONG

SONG 138. To make a CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Ye medley of mortals.*

WOULD you be quite the thing, both a
 genius and critic,
 At operas and auctions, a puff scientific,
 You must half words, and hard words, and queer
 words procure,
 Nod, wink and look wise, you're a true *Connoisseur*.
Sing tantara-rara taste all, taste all,
Sing tantara-rara taste all.

The money you squander {your judgment con-
 firms ;
 You need not know science, repeat but the terms ;
 The labour of learning belongs to the poor,
 Do but pay, that's enough for a true *Connoisseur*.

At your own table grac'd 'midst exotics supreme,
 Of music's the subject, or painting the theme ;
 All artists but *English ones*, praise and procure,
 By your troop of lead captains you're dubb'd
Connoisseur.

When for words you are lost, fill it up with
 grimace, [face ;
 And show your vast wisdom, by working your
 Make poor merit blush, but be bold and secure,
 And all Bronzes out Bronze, like a nice *Connoisseur*.

The worth of a man, the wise say is his pence,
 'Twas said so, and so it will centuries hence ;
 Then rich folly I'll praise (pretty pimp) she procures,
 All work for the wits, when she forms *Connoisseurs*.

SONG

SONG 139. The FARMER'S SONG.

IN a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own;
 Half a mile from the church, and just two from
 a town,
 Half a mile from the church, and just two from a
 town;
 Diversions and business I vary for ease,
 But your fine folks at London, may do as they
 please,
 Your fine folks at London, may do as they please,
 But your fine folks at London, may do as they
 please.

By my freehold, 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote,
 But because I will never be wrong, if I know't,
 I'll adhere to no one, 'till each party agrees;
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty, and upwards, I never knew pain,
 My Goody's as ancient, yet does not complain;
 From the flocks of my own I wear coats of warm
 frize;
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,
 Nor injur'd a neighbour in daughter or wife;
 To the poor have lent money, but never took fees,
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er had ambition to visit the great,
 Yet honour my king, and stand by the state,
 By the church and dear freedom in all it's degrees;
 But your fine folks at London, may do as they
 please.

SONG

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SONG 140. The MEN will ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-
things aside,
I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride;
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance,
For the maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond
excell'd,
Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were beheld!
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance!
Oh! the maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore, to my charms he a conquest must fall;
On his knees he entreated my hand for a dance:
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before;
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

Then day after day I his company had:
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad;
But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
And reply'd to my lover, young men will romance.

But tho' my papa, would not give us a shilling,
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing,
So to church we both went, and at night had a
dance,
And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

S O N G 141.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the
day,

A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;
I was going to fair all so bonny and gay,
He ask'd me to let him go with me there ;
No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear ;
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile ;
We'll rest if you please, when we get to yon stile :
I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.
To go with him farther I did not much care ;
But still I went on, not suspecting a snare ;
For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could :
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good ;
For I'd not for the world he should dare to be
rude.

Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me last
year ;

If he should do so, I would go no more there,
Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said
no ;

He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow :
(Take care how that way with a shepherd you go.)
Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare ;
No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

S O N G

The
A Cantata

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S O N G 142.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the
ingenious Mr. HOGARTH.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the the gate of Calais, Hogarth
tells,

Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madam Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd :
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

A I R.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad ;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
Then how much more thy taste doth exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad !

Q₂

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen ;
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von letel bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray ;
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

A I R.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls, runs out at my eyes.

While

While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
thing, [thing.]

While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
Ah, hard hearted Loui !

Why did I come to you ?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney sat,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
With lifted hands he blest'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A I R.

(The Broom of the Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great !

O the beef ! the bonny bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown ;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down !

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
I would the De'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee,
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my muse to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips and chains, and tortures are not known.
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
 Cry'd, ' Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame.'

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst ;
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;
 The ox is Old England ; the frog is monsieur,
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
 To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
 The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.*

SONG

SONG 143.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window.*

NO more let French dishes appear in our
mess,
Nor the taste of an Englishman spoil ;
We drub the French fellows whatever we dress,
Be it either to roast, bake, or broil.
At Cherburgh we gave them a dish of our soup,
They swore it was damn'd four sauce ;
Then we tofs'd up Cape Breton, and stew'd
Gaudaloupe.
And a hash made at Havre de Grace.

We gave them a belly-full lately near Brest,
And Conflans from Toulon had a treat ;
The twenty-four pounders they could not digest,
Our balls we confess are forced meat.
But we can fall to tho', on what monsieurs got,
You see we set down at our ease ;
And this place and that place, they all go to pot,
For we help ourselves just where we please.

In East Indies, I fancy, we cook'd the thing right.
Pondicherry our taste happ'd to hit,
Lally sent word, his scheme would the Englishmen
bite,

But, *au contraire*, he found himself bit.
It was just for a whet, when we took Senegal,
Then our stomachs for fighting encreased ;
Since we garnish'd Quebeck with the town Mon-
treal,
Martinico has made up the feast.

Up

Up hill how our *Hearts of Oak* hollowed along,
 Yo ho-ing they tow'd up each gun;
 Roast beef and king George was the jolly tars
 song,
 And they cross'd the French fires for fun.
 La Touche, the French governor, as I've heard
 say,
 'Thinks our company would him disgrace;
 He the English detests, so keeps out of the way;
 'Cause he scorns to look us in the face.

Thus may old England's enemies ever be snubb'd,
 May her sons thus unanimous join;
 If they do—I'll be damn'd, if they ever are
 drubb'd,
 Tho' the dons, or don devils combine.
 Come lads look, bright victory shines on the scene,
 With our fighting we won't make a fuss,
 May the sons, and sons sons, of our good king
 and queen,
 Have stout honest subjects like us.

S O N G 144.

THAT I might not be plagued with the
 nonsense of men,
 I promis'd my mother again and again
 To say as she bids me wherever I go,
 And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em
 No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score:
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant no more;
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so;
 Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.
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For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;
 Such questions he puts since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are
 still No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain ;
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain,)
 If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go,
 Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd
 and said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ;
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ;
 If I meant my life long to answer him so ;
 I falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made ;
 Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said ;
 If I press you to church, will you scruple to go ?
 In a hearty good-humour I answer'd, No, no.

S O N G 145.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
 When Ariadne wak'd and mis'd her lord :
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
 And saw his vessel less'ning to her view :
 She smote her breast ; she rav'd, and tore her hair ;
 Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

A I R.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus, stay!
 Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow!
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my love away!
 Ah! whither wilt thou go?
 Could I have serv'd thee so?
 Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
 You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly!

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,
 Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
 Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
 And, gently, thus administer'd relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely nymh, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling tear;
 Though Theseus plough the deep,
 You've still a lover here:
 I am Bacchus, god of wine,
 God of revelry and joy;
 If Ariadne will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup
 Of my choicest cordial draught;
 Fill it, man, why fill it up;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought:
 Fill it higher, to the brink:
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink!

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd;
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart:
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In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd :
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and
 who pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine :
 Let the nymh, who's forsaken for one that's more
 fair,
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all de-
 spair ;
 And let the fond youth who wou'd win the coy
 maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part :
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the
 heart.

S O N G 146.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
 To hear the wood's choristers warble and
 sing ;

Young Phœbe he saw supinely was laid,
 And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid ;
 And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
 To live, &c.

Ye

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;
 Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me
 a maid ?
 Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who with eloquent tongue,
 Can do what you please, with right and with
 wrong ;
 Can it be by law, or by equity said,
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old
 maid ?
 That a comely, &c.

Ye learned physicians whose excellent skill
 Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.
 Who is sick, &c.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list' to my song,
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
 Ye echoes of echoes, ye shadows of shade ;
 For if I had you, I might still be a maid.
 For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
 Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted swain ;
 And Phœbe, well pleas'd is no longer afraid
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

SONG

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YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
And triumph o'er the heart ;

For once attentive be a while

To what I now impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,

The precepts of a friend approve,

And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed

The bloom of eighteen years,

And Isabel from school is freed,

Then beauty's force appears ;

The youthful blood begins to flow,

She hopes for man, and longs to know

The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt

Within the lover's breast ;

And you by strange persuasion melt,

Each wishing to be blest ;

Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,

With prudence lure the happy boy,

And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,

Assume a modest pride ;

And, lest your tongue your mind betray,

In fewer words confide :

The maid, who thinks to gain a mate

By giddy chat, will find too late,

That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,

That bane to all the sex ;

† R

Nor

Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
 Your innocence perplex.
 Be always decent as a bride ;
 By virtuous rules your reason guide ;
 For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware ;
 His love with kind compliance meet ;
 Let constancy the work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G 148. The HONEST FELLOW.

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
 Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a
 rout !

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
 But we, honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever
 think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink ?
 Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.
 The man, &c.

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S O N

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If Cupid assaults you there's law for his tricks ;
 Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six :
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my foul ;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
 Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff ;
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound ;
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

S O N G 149. A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
 Come the grave, come the gay ;
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the East breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the woods and the vallies reply,
 And the woods and the vallies reply.

Our fore-fathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the hart and the boar,
 By encount'ring, &c.

R 2

Ruddy

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field,
Still let ours, &c.

With the chace in full sight,
Gods ! how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine !
How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear ?
Like the winds, in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine,
And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys :
Lo ! each pants for the joys,
That anon shall enliven the whole,
That anon shall enliven the whole ;
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG

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SONG 150.

A BALLAD in the MODERN TASTE.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,
Come here, pretty maiden and give me a
 bufs, [cart ;
Lord ! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
 thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box with a paper of snuff ;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, if so be, he might make me his wife—
Good Lord ! I was never so dash'd in my life ;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him on Sunday to chapel I went,
But said 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey ;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
throw ;

I must not tell tales, but I know what I know :
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my heart.

S O N G 151.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Come and listen to my ditty.*

CEASE rude Boreas blust'ring railer,
 Lift ye landmen all to me ;
 Mefs-mates hear a brother-sailor ;
 Sing the dangers of the sea.
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 When the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-sail sheets and hallyards stand ;
 Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
 Down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand.
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee top-sail sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.
 Around us roars the tempest louder ;
 Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind boys,
 See all clear to reef each course :
 Let the fore sheet go, don't mind,

Tho'

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Tho' the weather shou'd be worse,
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventure brace fet,
Man the fore-yard, chear, lads, chear.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark ! what means yon dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck !
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck ?
Quick the laniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
We for wives and children mourn :
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas ! to them there's no return !
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below :
Heaven have mercy here upon us !
Only He can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown,
To the pumps, come every hand, boys,

See

See ! her mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights ! she rights ! boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune sav'd our lives ;
 Come, the can, boys let's be drinking
 To our sweet-hearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to lips the brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?
 None ; our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G 152. LABOUR in VAIN.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that
 have stray'd,
 One morning I rang'd o'er the plain ;
 But, alas ! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again ;
 It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain ;
 To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain :

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She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast.
And kifs'd her, and kifs'd her again ;
O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
Compassion she took on my pain ;
She now has consented to make me her spouse,
So no longer I labour in vain.

S O N G 153.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine ;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair ;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass ?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart :
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed ;
While Age, in an extacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.
Then

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest, that stands on the board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
 'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

S O N G 154. The HAPPY MEETING.

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed;
 A bonny lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the mead:
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd;
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespake the pretty maid:

Dear lassy, tell, why by thine fel
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
 Can't tell me, laddy, where?
 To town ise hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 Ise seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youths intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went:
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joy which lovers crown'd.

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And now the sun had rose to noon,
 (The zenith of his pow'r)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour:
 The bonny lad row'd, in his plaid,
 The lass who scorn'd to fawn;
 She soon forgot the ewes she faught,
 And he to gang to town.

S O N G 154.

ONE Midsummer morning, when nature look'd
 gay,
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play;
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from
 above,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;
 My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill;
 If the corn be not ground you may scold if you
 will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no
 doubt;
 A woman, alas! would be nothing without:
 I went tow'rds the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say:
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
 Bless my stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I
 will.

The miller to market that instant was gone;
 The work it was left to the care of his son:
 Now, though I can scold as well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
 man:

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
I must have my corn ground, I must, and I will,

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth the fault is not
mine,

No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine:
There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
The mill shall go merrily round, I declare.
But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
bill !

I must have a kifs first, I must, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rds home bent my
way ;

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say ;
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed, and in-
deed !

And that he'd be constant, and true to me still :
And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him I
will.

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff ;
She laughs, and cries, go, girl, aye, plague him
enough ;
And scarce a day passes but, by her desire,
I get a sly kifs from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
And I'll answer, O yes ! with a hearty good-will.

SONG

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NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
 With Sally can compare ;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair :
 The beams of Sol delight and chear,
 While summer seasons roll ;
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow :
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And every flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale ;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

SONG 156.

The DUST-CART. A favourite Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did
 cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist :
 Tom with up-lifted hands th' occasion blest,
 And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd.

A I R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take up dust, and steal our hearts :
 That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you,
 And dwells among the dust with you :
 Ah ! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain ;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again :
 Give me my heart, out of your cart ;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECIT.

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RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below :
 To Tom she nodded, as the cart drove on,
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry croud oppress'd ?
 Ambition now my soul does fire ;
 The youths shall languish and admire,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

SONG 157.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day
 long,
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in
 my song,
 Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
 Balinamone ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for
 me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes :

So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my
clothes.

Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free 'till you made him your slave.
Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride !

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Your little white fist for me.

S O N G 158.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and
my pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide :
I dwell on her praises wherever I go ;
They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.
They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She

She sings r
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I kifs her
But say no
But say, &c

She tells m
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S O N

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She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
 Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again :
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no,
 But say, &c.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee :
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so ;
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ?
 Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour, how I,
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
 Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

S O N G 159. The ARCH DENIAL.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond eyes
 Reveal with what ardour I glow,
 Reveal with what ardour I glow ;
 Well, what if they do ? there's no harm sure, she
 cries ;
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Lord bless me ! said she, what a question is this !
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow?
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go;
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go:
 No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know:
 I could not deny you, you know.

SONG 160.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose:
 Thither retir'd from Plæbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought:
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

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A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene ;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n it self is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling
 stands ;
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain :
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mien,
 Thy love-inspiring mein ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :

She

She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul:
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

SONG 161.

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
 The merry birds to sing,
 And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
 In all the pride of spring,
 When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it;
 Take this he cry'd my dearest maid,
 And who —, aye, who'd have thought it?

I blush'd, the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
 When soft he sigh'd, bright fair, forgive,
 I must have something more:

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One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,
 So earnestly he sought it ;
 I let him take it, I protest,
 And who——, aye, who'd have thought it ?

A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph could long disdain ;
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein :
 'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,
 From his, my bosom caught it ;
 'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
 And who——, aye, who'd have thought it ?

Hark ! Hymen calls, the shepherd cry'd ;
 Let us, my dear, comply :
 We instant went, with love our guide,
 And bound the nuptial tie :
 And ever since that happy day,
 As mutual warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport and play,
 And who ——, aye, who'd have thought it ?

S O N G 162.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul ;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
 For Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half-
 divine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
 wine ;
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves will eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G 163. CROSS PURPOSES.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
 And Mary she loves Harry ;
 But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
 And finds his love miscarry ;
 For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
 While Mary slights his passion :
 So strangely freakish are the turns
 Of human inclination.

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Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
 Which he in am'rous folly,
 Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
 It came again to Molly :
 Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
 No turtles can be truer ;
 Each loves the object they pursue,
 But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,
 Proud Hal despises Mary ;
 And all the flouts which Bell receives
 From Tom, she vents on Harry :
 If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw people grummer ;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation ;
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

SONG 164.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and
 kind,
 Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind :
 I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive ;
 But they tell me a maid should with caution
 believe.

He

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:
 I cou'd not do less than the favour receive;
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:
 How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the view!
 'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must
 conceive—

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends: if they stray from the
 plain,

Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
 Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
 To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
 And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
 Then he swears that he loves, which I really
 believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
 But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:
 And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
 With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

SONG 165.

HE that a cuckold is, let it not grieve him;
 For in his wants there is one to relieve him:
 He may sleep quietly when his wife's waking,
 And may be free from care, void of pains-taking:
 And

And his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The captain upon the sea prays for fair weather,
While his wife and his mate sail both together ;
Star-gazing on her back, at the moon's motion,
While the poor cuckold is at his devotion ;
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The merchant upon the sea searching for treasure,
What tho' his merchandize be out of measure ;
Yet, if he kifs a girl, while he is ranging,
His wife repays him, a bill of exchange, in :
But his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest lawyer, that ever was sent us,
Often returns his wife, *Non est inventus* ;
And though he never so wise in his place is,
She will still find that a flaw in his case is :
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest statesman, that e'er was applauded,
Need not to laugh at a citizen horned ;
For, if 'tis true, as in ancient relations,
The city-dames still obey the court-fashions :
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

While the poor parson with zeal is expounding,
Telling the people their sins are abounding ;
Some one, perhaps, pays his tithes to his wife,
Heedless of rules for amendment of life :
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

† T

You

You that are cuckolds, let this be your comfort,
There are few others between this and Rumford:
Brethren all in a row, shake hands together,
And never disdain to wear the bull's feather;
For your condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

SONG 166.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *By Jove I'll be free.*

THO' I love you, yet think not my judgment
 so weak, [cheek;
 To doat on your waist, or your rose-dimpled
 The black curling locks which your white neck
 inlay,
 Your love-pouting lips, or your eye-darting ray:
 'Tis not for those charms which so common are
 seen,
 'Tis somewhat more secret, but—*guess what I mean.*

Platonics, corporeal embraces disdain,
 Their mental enjoyments no passion profane ;
 The mind of a mistress perhaps may enchant,
 Yet still flesh and blood will meer flesh and blood
 want :
 Each sex sighs for more than to see and be seen ;
 What more is't they sigh for ? why—*guess what
 I mean.*

Can a dinner's warm steam fill the hungry with
cheer?
Or the fight of a bank dry up Poverty's tear?
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The jingling of guineas, or fame of a feast,
 They care not to hear of, unless they cou'd taste :
 'Tis thus with the lover, not what he has seen,
 But what he can taste of, that's—*guess what I mean.*

We wise seeming mortals, five senses retain
 In the pay of the will, to be pimps to the brain ;
 One sense, like the serpent, devours all the rest,
 As man's most inclin'd to hear, see, smell or taste ;
 But to touch is the point—yet I'll not be ob-
 scene,
 For to touch is no more than to—*guess what I*
 mean.

How sweet the sensation ! how thrilling the bliss,
 When breast joining breast, we blend souls in a
 kiss :
 All madness the lover, the fair all delight,
 Ev'ry sense then in one they extatic unite :
 What's that sense of all senses ? why—here drops
 the scene,
 'Tis something that's certain, but—*guess what I*
 mean.

S O N G 167. HOPE. A Pastoral.

MY Banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grotto's are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white-over with sheep ;
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains beflow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine:
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G 169.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
 And she was dighting her cheeks;
 How can I be married to-day,
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
 And wants a covering too?
 The breed that has aw things to borrow,
 Has e'en reet muckle to do.
*Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?*

What

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What is the matter ? quoth Wolly,

Though we be scant o'claiths,
We's creep the claiser together,
And drive away the fleas.

The summer is coming on,
And we's get pickles a woo ;
We's fee a lafs of our ain,
And she'll spin blankets enow.

Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's mother,
The deel stick a this preed !

I had ne a plack in my pocket,
The day I was made aw breed.

My gown was linsy-winsy,
And ne'er a fark at aw ;
And you ha' gowns and buskins,
Mair than ane or twa.

Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's fether,

As he came in frae the plough :
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
And ye'se get geer enough ;

The stirk that gaus in the tether,
And our brawd bassen yade,

To lade your corn in harvest :
What wad you ha' you jade ?

Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's brother,

As he came hame frae the kye :
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
Had he known you, as weel as I ;

For you're baith proud, and saucy,
Ne fit for a pure man's wife ;

Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
I'fe ne'er ha' ane in my life.

Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's sister,
As she sat down by the fire :

O gin I married to-neet,

'Tis aw that I'd desire :

But I, pure girl, must live single,
And do the best I can ;

I did na' care what came o' me,
So I had but a gude man.

Woo'd and marry'd and aw,

Marry'd and woo'd and aw :

And was she not very weel off,

To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

S O N G 170. LOVELY KATE.

AT Windfor, where Thame glides so smoothly
along,

Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of my song.

Her name all the day I with raptures repeat,

And am blest when the shepherds but talk of my
Kate,

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay ;

For 'tis she, not the sun, that enlivens the day ;

The lads are all happy when round her they wait,

And the lasses learn beauty by watching my Kate.

Should I join the pale lily, or blush-painted rose,

And with pinks and sweet woodbines a garland
compose,

More lovely to sight are her looks, and more sweet

Is the fragrance, that dwells on the lips of my Kate.

Hush, hush, ye vain warblers, no more croud the
spray,

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Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd lay;
 With success each may tune the shrill note to his
 mate,
 But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my Kate.

As she sits on the banks by the side of a stream,
 The fish, without fear, feed and play to the brim;
 And why should they not, they can think no deceit,
 Such truth is confest in the looks of my Kate?
 The shepherds bring posies of flowers, but the maid
 Cries, these are but emblems, that I too must fade:
 But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date,
 Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my
 Kate.

S O N G 171.

PHILLIS, to whom none dare be rude,
 Whose modest looks conceal'd the prude,
 By chance was seen, the other day,
 Alone in shady groves to stray:
 Perhaps you'll ask what she was at,
 I dare not tell, but mum for that, mum for that,
 mum for that,
 I dare not tell, but mum for that.

She saw a lovely youth appear,
 Fearless where virgins ought to fear,
 Well, and what then, suppose she did,
 We know that scandal's apt to sibe,
 Perhaps you'll ask what they were at,
 I dare not tell, but mum for that.

Ye fair ones let this instance prove,
 There's no concealing lawless love;

In

In secret lurks the busy spy,
 Nay trees have oft an unseen eye ;
 Would you conceal what you'd be at,
 Be more reserv'd, but mum for that.

Since Love must then each bosom rule,
 His precepts learn from virtue's school,
 Let wedlock authorize the youth,
 Who burns with honour and with truth ;
 And should you ask, what he'd be at ?
 I dare not tell, but mum for that.

S O N G 172.

YOUNG Damon perceiving Flirtilla pass by,
 Like light'ning to kiss her he flew,
 But she with a struggle and frown, made reply,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.
 But she with a struggle and frown, made reply,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

For should my mamma, who is in the next room,
 But hear you, she'll cause you to rue,
 She'll forbid you the house, then do not presume,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

But Damon was not to be terrify'd so,
 All women love kissing he knew ;
 When he offer'd again, 'twas pray let me go,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

The youth by resistance, was still more inflam'd,
 And kisses he stole not a few ;
 This rudeness forbear, sir, she softly exclaim'd,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

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 For Mat

Thus flush'd with success, like a woman at whist,
 The resolute youth bolder grew,
 But still she made answer, I will not be kiss'd,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Then Damon resolv'd his last efforts to strike,
 And soon made the damsel come to ;
 She sigh'd and reply'd, you may take what you like,
 I will not cry out if you do.

S O N G 173. THE CONFESSION.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Phœbe who lives at the
 mill.

My heart leap'd with joy at so pleasing a sight,
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my
 bride ;

In anger, she said, get you out of my sight,
 And go to your Phillis, you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you mean,
 I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,
 Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at.
 O can't you, she cry'd, well, I love you for that.

Say, did not you meet her last night on this spot ?
 O Collin, O Collin, you can't have forgot,
 I heard the whole story this morning from Mat ;
 You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe ;
 For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive,

You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure, my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,

I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind,
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

S O N G 174. The ROVER Reclaim'd.

I Rambled about for a twelve-month, I vow,
In search of a damsel for life;
For roving perplex'd me, I could not tell how,
So ventured at last on a wife.

The girls of the town each rake must well know,
Imbitter the pleasures of life,
For evils on evils will constantly flow,
And make us all wish for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, who's youthful and gay,
May sweeten the troubles of life,
And while she is constant, drive sorrow away;
But what is all this to a wife.

In wedlock alone true pleasure we find,
To gild the rough passage thro' life,
Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind,
And make the dear charmer a wife.

And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man,
Who efforts to bless you for life,
Be constant and true, and as fond as you can;
For these are the charms of a wife.

S O N G

An Ode

BRITON
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SONG 175.

An ODE for the LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend ; I sing, in merry lay,
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's
day :

What surfeits caught, what feeding when they dine,
What sober citizens get drunk by nine :
What fights are seen, what rattling, fufs and noise,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng,
To view his lordship pass in state along.

AIR.

(Oh ! London is a fine town, &c.)

Oh ! Lord Mayor's show, so brave and gay, does
honour to the city,

and old and young, and rich and poor, must own
'tis vastly pretty ;

To see the gilded coach and six, and man in
armour ride,

a pomp and splendor, from Guildhall, unto the
water-side.

and when, in barges closely pent, such plenty of
good cheer,

What pity 'tis so fine a sight should come but
once a year !

Oh ! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,

The mob dispers'd, to dinner's all the cry.

With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,

The

The starv'd mechanicks seek their diff'rent halls,
At the full groaning board each takes his seat,
With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR.

(Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation, &c.)

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
Ev'ry age and ev'ry station,
Parsons, justices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Press to have their plates fill'd first:
With the victuals here such work is,
Snatching turtles, geese and turkies!
Hares with puddings in their bellies,
Cheese-cakes, custards, tarts and jellies,
Bawling, swearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, stuffing,
Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;
Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail.
Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring
lie,
And some with jovial songs old care defy.

AIR.

(Come hither, my country 'Squire, &c.)

Come fill the glass to the brink,
Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives;
Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink,
Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Such soaking, such smoking, and joking,
Such guzzling here you see;
The buck and furr'd gown together fit down,
And all are good company.*

To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the scriptures is right;
Old Lot us'd, they say, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.
Such soaking, such smoking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious grape too potent grows,
Mirth and good humour turn to words and blows;
Now rogue and cuckold thro' the hall resound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats, firew the ground;
'Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

AIR.

(There was a jovial beggar, &c.)

Let heroes both by land and sea,
Their deeds in battle boast;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.

Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go.

Then a guttling we will go.

In story we are told of one,
An ox slew with his fist;
Then at a meal he ate him up;
Gods! what a glorious twist!

Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's so renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
"God bless the court of Aldermen,
"The Sheriffs, and Lord Mayor.

"When a guttling they do go, do go, do go."

U

SONG

SONG 176.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on
their face ;

With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
Men of pleasures, be mute ; this is life's lovely
view ;

When we look on our young ones, our youth we
renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy ;
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy ;
From the May-morn of youth to winter's white
age,

Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro'
life's stage ;

And when death bids us stop we end easy our
song,

Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well
so long.

SONG 177.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to
deny,

And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by ;
I'll own, without blushing, were all the world
by,

That Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He

He brought me a wreath which his hands did
compose,

Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the
rose ;

Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

And Willy's, &c.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd ;

The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd ;

And the lily for whiteness would vie with your
breast.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

And Willy's, &c.

These ribbons of mine were his gift at the fair :

My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny, beware !

O'ye think I regard her ? Not I, I declare.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,

I saw my young shepherd ; how sweet was his
look !

He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do ? O instruct me, ye maids,

When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,

Whose silence as much as his language persuades.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

SONG 178.

AS on Tay's banks I wander'd in search of
my fair,
How smooth was the stream ! and how soft was the
air !

To nothing but thee such a scene I compare ;
And thee it resembles, dear Jenny.

The deep crystal wave was a type of thy face ;
I thought it so clear it might serve for thy glass,
And the curls that were there for thy dimples
might pass :

I vow'd 'twas the picture of Jenny.

Methought I took in all the charms of thy mind,
To virtue, to love, and to pity inclin'd,
The tender soft passions that feel no rude wind,
For calm is the bosom of Jenny.

All pleas'd with the prospect, I wish'd the bright
maid

Cou'd have seen her dear self in this mirror display'd ;
'Twas like her when last the sweet girl I survey'd :
Like none it could be but my Jenny.

But sudden a tempest I ne'er saw before
Made the billows arise, and the waves foam and
roar ;

I thought that I scarcely was safe on the shore :
Ah, me ! even then it was Jenny.

The same dreadful fight, when to spleen you're
inclin'd,

When to me you are cross, and to others are kind :
But never, dear girl, raise this storm in your mind :
'Twill kill me, believe me, dear Jenny.

SONG

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on
the plain ;

I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd
to say Yes, [to say Yes.

And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his
flame : [their fleece ;

Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair, than
I could hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove ;
He pret's'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd
his love ;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss ?
I design'd to've said No, but mistook, and said
I design'd, &c. [Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his
breast ;

Ye Gods ! he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest ;
Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal
bliss :

To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.
To prevent, &c.

ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;
ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :

Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes ;
You must all die old maids, all die old maids, if
you will not say Yes.

SONG 180. By Mr. GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy :
 You, greater bards, the lyre should hit ;
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy :
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When zephyr on the vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 It does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy :
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May,
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy :
 With her a cottage would delight ;
 All's happy whom she's in my sight ;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

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While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,

So long shall I love Peggy :
 And, when death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy !

SONG 181. NANCY DAWSON.

O F all the girls in our town,
 The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
 Who dance and prance it up and down,
 There's none like Nancy Dawson :
 Her easy mein, her shape so neat,
 Her foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
 Her every motion is complete ;
 I die for Nancy Dawson.

See how she comes to give surprize,
 With joy and pleasure in her eyes !
 To give delight she always tries,
 So means my Nancy Dawson :
 Was there no task t'obstruct the way,
 No Shuter bold, nor house so gay,
 A bet of fifty pounds I'll lay,
 That I gain'd Nancy Dawson.

See how the op'ra takes a run,
 Exceeding Hamlet, Lear, or Lun,
 Though in it there would be no fun,
 Was't not for Nancy Dawson.
 Tho' Beard and Brent charm ev'ry night,
 And female Peachum's justly right,
 And Filch and Lockit please the fight,
 'Tis crown'd by Nancy Dawson.

See

See little Davy strut and puff,
 Pox on the op'ra and such stuff,
 My house is never full enough;
 A curse on Nancy Dawson.
 Tho' Garrick he has had his day,
 And forc'd the town his laws t'obey,
 Now Johnny Rich is come in play,
 With help of Nancy Dawson.

S O N G 182. The HILLS of LONDON.

Tune: *Strawberry Hill.*

SOME cry up famous Dowgate-Hill,
 For Cornhill some declare;
 And some say that with Fish-street-hill,
 No dung-hill can compare:
 But ask the brims of London town,
 Who know the hills full well;
 If Ludgate-hill, if Ludgate-hill,
 Don't bear away the bell.

Moll loves to tramp o'er Tower-hill,
 With Jack her sun burnt mate;
 And Nan prefers St. Mary's-hill,
 'Cause near to Billingsgate:
 But neither of the famous hills,
 If blear-ey'd Sue can tell,
 From Ludgate-hill, from Ludgate-hill,
 Doth bear away the bell.

Let Southwark boast St. Marg'ret's-hill,
 With sessions house so trim;
 Or Clerkenwell or Saffron-hill,
 With many a bunt and brim:

But

But ask the bullies, bawds, and whores,
 Who most in vice excel,
 If Ludgate-hill, if Ludgate-hill,
 In vice don't bear the bell

Since W——e sung of Strawberry-hill,
 And other hills all round;
 There's not a hill, among them all,
 That does his praise resound,
 Ah, peace be to his flummery,
 I wish him vastly well;
 But Ludgate-hill, but Ludgate-hill,
 Shall ever bear the bell.

Great Maclane went up Holborn-hill,
 As Sheppard did of yore,
 As many have done before and since,
 As so will thousands more.
 Down Snow-hill, so up Holborn-hill,
 While tolls St. Pulcher's bell;
 Such heroes go, in dismal woe,
 To bid the world farewell.

SONG 183.

The LASS with the GOLDEN LOCKS.

NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
 Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me
 Myself for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, [before;
 And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold;
 I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
 And will sing of the lass with her golden locks.
 I throw down my pipe, &c.

Tho'

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow,
Such, painters of old drew the queen of the fair,
'Twas the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair;
And tho' witlings may scoff, and tho' raille-ry
 mocks,
Yet I'll sing of the lass with her golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to
my sight :
Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,
Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above,
And are fit for the pleasure and language of love :
At the park in the mall ; at the play in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;
She shall ease my fond heart and she'll sooth my
soft pain,
While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain,
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the
fox,
While I have the lass with her golden locks.
Let them rail, &c.

SONG 184.

AS Jockey was walking one midsummer morn,
He sat him down careless beneath a green
thorn ;
He had not sat long ere a damsel came by,
To whom Jockey sent forth a languishing eye,
A languish—a languish—a languishing eye,
Did

Did you see, says the fair one, a fleece brindled
ram,

With two little lambkins trot each by their dam;
If you did, gentle shepherd, pray tell me which
way,

The innocent rovers neglectfully stray?

The innocent, &c.

He told her, he saw them pass hastily by,
And make to the copse, though in faith 'twas a lie;
The damsel she curtsy'd and thank'd with a blush,
But jockey stole after, and lurk'd in a bush,
Stole after, stole after, and lurk'd in a bush.
She search'd the copse o'er but no sheep could she
find,

Then heartily curs'd the young swain in her mind;
She found she was trick'd, but alas! silly maid,
She knew not the snare was so artfully laid.
She knew not, &c.

The shepherd appear'd, and said pretty maid;
Thy ewes and thy lambkins have happily stray'd
Then sprung to her closely and ravish'd a kiss,
But the damsel seem'd coy, and cry'd fye! 'twas
amiss;

Seem'd coy, seem'd coy and cry'd fye! 'twas amiss.
Howe'er as her friends little liberty gave,
She left her old gaffer to trust the young knave;
And now tho' her sheep are all safe in the pen,
She visits the copse o'er and o'er again.
She visits the copse o'er and o'er again.

SONG 185.

PHELM'S RAMBLE TO ENGLAND.

Tune : *Ballinamone.*

SAYS Phelim, in Ireland no longer I'll stay,
 I've got so much money my debts I can't pay,
 I will go to England and pass for a lord,
 A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword,
Sing Ballinamone cra, an English lady for me.

As I travel along how the people will stare,
 At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare,
 I won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,
 But lest I be weary, I'll be going ten days.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,
 I'll lodge at St. James's or else at Bear-key,
 I'll fence at assemblies, play cards at a ball,
 And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all

Each day I will walk all round cross the park,
 Each moon-shiny night, at noon when 'tis dark,
 With my coat laced over the beaux to alarm,
 With my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm.

Each night at the play in the box I will shine,
 And tell some rich widow she is more divine
 Than Pluto or Vulcan, or the goddess of May,
 And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.

I'll drink her good health when I dine every morn,
 And give her a fine silver cup made of horn,
 I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,
 And send her two letters by the post at one time.

Each

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 Yet, alas !

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,
 When she combs her hands and washes her head,
 With my eyes very modest I'll stare in her face,
 And tell her for love that my guts burn and blaze.

I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,
 Next morning betimes at noon about four,
 To church I will carry my beautiful bride,
 On a pillion before me close by my left side.

And when we are married the drums they shall ring,
 The bells they shall beat and the fiddler sing,
 To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straitway,
 In the midst of winter when they're making of hay.

My Aunt Mac Mahon I'll invite to the feast,
 Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be dress'd,
 Arrack punch made of whisky in bumpers shall flow
 And all my relations shall come to the show.

S O N G 186.

I Met in our village a swain t'other day :
 He stopt me, and begg'd me a moment to stay ;
 Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard be-
 fore,

He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he bore :
 But what was his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, vi'let and rose,
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows ;
 The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear these fine things in my breast :
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

† X

At

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me ;
 He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true :
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,
 And hear him, poor youth ! breathe a thousand
 soft sighs ;

He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me,
 Nor shepherd a live so unhappy as he :
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain ?
 Indeed, were I sure (for his fate I deplore)
 That he suffer'd for me, he should suffer no more :
 I'd do all I could to relieve him I vow,
 That my heart might have ease, tho' I cannot tell
 how.

SONG 187.

The U N N A T U R A L P A R E N T ; or,
 The V I R G I N ' s l a s t R E S O L V E .

YE virgins who do listen
 To whate'er your mothers say,
 Be rul'd by me, and let's agree,
 No longer to obey :
 For I've been snubb'd and I've been drubb'd,
 'Till I've been black and blue :
 But I'll behave no more as a slave,
 I wish I may die if I do.

Both

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Both night and day she prates away,
 About my being nice ;
 But I declare, 'twould make you stare,
 To hear her dull advice :
 She says, that I from men must fly,
 Or mischief will ensue ;
 But in all the kind, no harm I find,
 I wish I may die if I do.

She says that youth, still blind to truth,
 The danger ne'er can tell,
 And 'tis from sense and experience,
 That she can talk so well :
 But if she got sense from experience,
 She may depend upon't,
 I'll try to be as wise as she,
 I wish I may die if I don't.

Young Damon gay, the other day,
 Wou'd struggle for a kifs ;
 I pshaw'd and cry'd, and him did chide,
 With—what do you mean by this ?
 'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll intrude,
 When I've so oft' forbid ;
 I wish I may die, if you don't make me cry ;
 But I wish I may die if he did.

Then I'll be free, whilst young I be,
 And let my mother scold ;
 And I'll despise being quite as wise,
 Until I am quite as old.
 At forty-three a prude I'll be,
 And lay my follies by ;
 But never till then, will I shun the men,
 If I do—I wish I may die.

S O N G 188.

Upon Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

By Sir CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
 I am not to be flinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind ;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempé are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine :
 What joy can be greater than this is !
 My life on thy lips shall be spent :
 But the wretch who can number his kisses
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G

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SONG 189. The SAILORS' RESOLUTION.

HOW little do the landmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow !
 But we have hearts of steel :
 No danger can affright us ;
 No enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the monsieurs right us ;
 So tofs the can about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink :
 Then, France, have-at your first-rates ;
 For Britons never shrink :
 We'll rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by scores ;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in Louis-d'ers.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages, freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more :
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys ;
 In war we'll never fly ;
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

SONG 190. JOHN and NELL.

AS Nell sat underneath her cow,
 Upon a cock of hay,
 Brist John was coming from his plough,
 And chanc'd to pass that way :

X 3

Like

Like light'ning to the maid he flew,
 And by the hand he squeez'd her :
 Pray John, she cry'd, be quiet—do !
 And frown'd because he teaz'd her.

Young Cupid from his mother's knee,
 Observ'd her female pride :
 Go on, and prosper, John (says he)
 And I will be thy guide ;
 Then aim'd at Nelly's breast a dart,
 From pride it soon releas'd her :
 She faintly cry'd, " I feel love's smart,"
 And sigh'd—because it eas'd her.

John laid himself down by her side,
 And stole a kiss or two ;
 And flatt'ry's charms he also try'd,
 'Till she the kinder grew :
 The poison soon began to spread,
 And in the nick he seiz'd her :
 She, trembling, blush'd, and hung her head,
 Then smil'd—because it pleas'd her.

S O N G 191. STICK a PIN there.

WHEN tutor'd by mother, she often times
 said,
 There's money bid for thee girl, hold up thy head ;
 She laid out my work with a housewifely care,
 And making a mark, bid me stick a pin there.
 Stick a pin, &c.

The humour so pleas'd me, however absurd,
 That in spite of my teeth it became a cant word ;
 And once when the parson had ended his pray'r,
 I could not help calling out, stick a pin there.
 Stick a pin, &c. He

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He often
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He came to my mother, and loudly complain'd ;
 His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign'd :
 And before he could clap his fat bum in a chair,
 I lily stoop'd down, and did stick a pin there.
 Stick a pin, &c.

I met my dear Jack in a field of new hay,
 He kiss'd me and teaz'd me with amorous play ;
 A green gown to give me, he swore it was fair :
 Hold firrah said I, would you stick a pin there.
 Stick a pin, &c.

He often attempted to rifle my charms ;
 As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms ;
 But sooner or later he'll baffle my care,
 For Jack is the lad that shall—stick a pin there.
 Stick a pin, &c.

S O N G 192. MOLLY CARR.

WHEN I at my window am gazing,
 'Tis not at a comet or star,
 But an object more bright and more pleasing ;
 The face of my sweet Molly Carr :
 No Daphne, no Chloe, nor Phillis,
 Tho' poets put them on the par
 With the beauties of roses or lilies,
 Can vie with my sweet Molly Carr.

Ye Soldiers who boast in your prattle,
 Yet always hope danger is far ;
 You're more safe from the cannons in battle,
 Than the eyes of my sweet Molly Carr :

The

The Prelate so famous for teaching
 The excellent virtues of tar ;
 Had he seen her he'd left of his preaching,
 To treat of the sweet Molly Carr.

Ye lawyers who make yourselves drudges,
 With much dirty work at the bar ;
 You wou'd quit all your fees and the judges,
 To plead to my sweet Molly Carr :
 Ye doctors so learned in physick,
 Who nature's decays can repair ;
 May search, but you'll find no specific
 So certain as sweet Molly Carr.

Let those out of play with the nation,
 With great ones eternally jar :
 I am humbly content with my station,
 So smiles but my sweet Molly Carr :
 Tho' rich as cræsus in treasure,
 In kingdoms as great as a czar ;
 All, all I wou'd lay down with pleasure,
 At the feet of my sweet Molly Carr.

S O N G 193. The LASS of the BROOK.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

ON a brook's grassy brink in the willow's cool
 shade,
 The primroses pressing, reclin'd a fair maid ;
 She por'd o'er the stream that limp'd idly along,
 Well pleas'd, saw herself, and thus tun'd her ^{soft}
 song. [song-
 Well pleas'd, saw herself, and thus tun'd her ^{soft}
 Tho'

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Tho' the 'squire's fine sweetheart should look in
the stream,

If the crystal tells truly, more comely I seem :

What's the daisies, the peach, or the strawberry's
dye ?

With white and red blooming, more comely am I.

With white, &c.

As oft thro' the church yard on sundays I tread,
While gaping fools grinning o'er tomb-stones are
spread,

With raptures they praise me ; I keep on my way,
And, down looking, seem not to hear what they say.
And, down, &c.

Each kneeling swain, loudly, protests I am fair ;
Yet none can delight me 'till Strephon I hear :
Speed your search, you shrill songsters, 'till Strephon
you see ;

Then tell him, he's stay'd for, he's stay'd for by me.
Then tell him, he's stay'd for, he's stay'd for by me.

S O N G 194. By Mr. GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true-love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among your crew ?

William, who high, upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;

The

The cords fly swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The

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S O

COME
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We'll still r
In spite of t
Then cheer
Our soldier

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd he hung his head :
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
 Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G 195. By Mr. GARRICK.

C O M E, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful
 year ;

To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
 For who are so free, as we sons of the waves ?

C H O R U S.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady ;

We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;

They never see us but they wish us away ;

If they run, why we follow, and run them a shore,

For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,

They'll frighten our women, our children and beaus.

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,

Still Britons they'll find, to receive them on shore.

We'll still make them run, and we still make them

In spite of the Devil, and Brussels gazette ; [sweat,

Then chear up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

S O N G

SONG 196.

ON a primrosy bank by a murmuring stream
 Pastora sat singing, and I was her theme ;
 Whilst charm'd with her beauty behind a green
 bush,
 I listen'd to hear her soft tale with a blush.

Of all the young shepherds that pipe on the reed,
 'Tis Damon alone I can fancy indeed ;
 I tell him I value him no not a rush,
 Yet surely I love him, or why do I blush ?

When I went to the grove at the top of the hill,
 It was the last May—I remember it still ;
 He brought me a nest of young linnets quite flush,
 And I the kind present receiv'd with a blush.

Whenever he meets me he'll simper and smile,
 I seem as I did not observe him a while ;
 He offer'd to kiss me, I gave him a push,
 Why can't you be easy ? I cry'd with a blush.

On sunday he came to entreat me to walk,
 'Twas down in a meadow, and love was his talk ;
 He call'd me his dearest, pray Damon be hush !
 There's somebody coming, I cry'd with a blush.

My mother she chides when I mention the swain,
 Forbids me to go to the meadows again ;
 But sure for his sake I will venture a brush,
 For love him I do, I confess with a blush.

Thus warbl'd the fair, and my heart leap'd for joy,
 Tho' little she thought that her Damon was nigh ;
 But chancing to spy me behind a green bush
 She ended her song, and arose with a blush.

SONG

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SONG 197.

The SEA-VOYAGE.

PRAY, which of the nine shall I humbly invoke,
 To aid a sad story convey'd in a joke?
 Thalia's a lass who such humour supplies,
 She'll make you to laugh with the tears in your eyes.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

To make the tale short, lest you think it prolix,
 On July the seventeenth, fifty and six,
 Mac-Cullough set sail in the packet of Chester,
 Good luck! had you seen her, your heart would
 have bless'd her. *Derry down, &c.*

But oh! what a medley was there besides sailors,
 Of actors and fingers, and poets and taylors,
 Two hundred spalpeens, who to Venus were
 martyrs;
 With the itch in their fingers and lice in their
 quarters. *Derry down, &c.*

The packet in haste to Beaumaurice was veering,
 When, lo! a large ship towards our vessel was
 steering;
 But soon as to view a white head did appear,
 Odzooks, they all cry'd, 'tis a French privateer.
Derry down, &c.

This terrible ship, with her streamers all waving,
 Stopt half a league distant, the poor packet braving;
 Which steering away, to avoid such trepanners,
 Bounce! went a twelve-pounder, to teach her
 good manners. *Derry down, &c.*
 † Y Ventidius,

Ventidius, who oft on the Smock-ally stage,
 Had ranted and bluster'd thro' many a page,
 The hero forgetting, to save his long neck,
 Threw up both his heels, and fell flat on the deck.

Derry down, &c.

The crew with a panic were struck one and all,
 When this rising hero receiv'd such a fall;
 They counsel'd the captain, without more ado,
 To down with his top-sail and bring the ship
 to.

Derry down, &c.

Grave Cimberton, trusty cashier to the play-house,
 Said, zounds ! 'tis a shame that the French shou'd
 dismay us ;

But, when the report of the gun struck his ear,
 He outwardly smil'd to conceal inward fear.

Derry down, &c.

The Dublin Vandyke softly crept to the steerage,
 His paleness discover'd his ill painted courage ;
 He hated the French and their naval pursuits,
 And piss'd till it ran to the soles of his boots.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis strange when an honest man deals in deceit,
 His money lays under the soles of his feet,
 'Twas safe to lie there as if hid in a hole,
 For he knew that his toes could not finger the sole.

Derry down, &c.

If they board us says Polly, ' I'll sing 'em a song ;'
 Says Lucy, ' Pray hold your ridiculous tongue ;
 ' Our voyage is westward ; you'll soon wish it south ;
 ' For they'll soon make you sing the wrong side of
 your mouth.'

Derry down, &c.

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But the ship which had thrown us all into such
terror,

Stood aloof now as if she had found out her error,
Such a cargo she scorn'd to carry to France, firs,
As actors and taylors, and fiddlers and dancers.

Derry down, &c.

Crochetto was there, who by musical quirk,
Sets fingers, and pipers, and fiddlers to work :
The wind from north-east gave a terrible squall,
Which scar'd all the passengers, captain and all.

Derry down, &c.

One side of the ship the salt water was drinking,
The people cry'd out, ' The ship is now a sinking ;'
But Crochetto perceiving her make such a trip,
Push'd hard t'other side for to balance the ship.

Derry down, &c.

Ye mortals, who carelessly sit at your ease,
While others are tofs'd on the perilous seas,
You are better at home in a great elbow chair,
Than rolling about between hope and despair.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G 198.

ON pleasures smooth wings, how old Time
steals away,
Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray !
My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night ;
No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
But health and content all the year was my guest.

Y 2

'Twas

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare;
 With voice or with feature, with dress, or with air:
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets but I miss'd of the smart:
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
 But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield:
 If I stray'd through the garden, or travers'd the
 field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
 sight;
 If the nightingale sung. I could listen all night;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
 stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade !
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in
 vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
 Then teach me bright Venus, persuasion's soft
 art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart,
 'To crown my desires, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the
 swain !

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SONG 199.

The LADY'S CHOICE. By a LADY.

A Man that's neither high nor low,
 In party or in stature ;
 A Rake, a Rattle, or a Beau,
 Nor yet unus'd to flatter :
 Let not him be a learned fool,
 Who nods o'er musty books,
 Who eats and drinks and lives by rule,
 And weighs our words and looks.
 Let him be easy, free and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd ;
 Have something always smart to say,
 Yet silent when requir'd.
 Let him be rich, not covetous,
 Nor generous to excess ;
 Willing that I should keep the purse,
 And please myself in dress.
 A little courage let him have,
 From insults to protect me,
 Provided he is not so brave,
 As e'er to contradict me.
 Ten thousand pounds a year I like,
 But if so much can't be,
 You seven from the ten may take,
 I'll be content with three.
 His face no matter if 'tis plain,
 But let it not be fair ;
 The man is sure my heart to gain,
 Who can with this compare.
 And if some lord would chance agree
 With the above description,
 Though I'm not fond of quality,
 It shall be no objection.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of
the sea,

Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his
brine, [wine.

Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous

What trafficking then would have been on the
main,

For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more
Secure in the evening of such a repast; [haste,
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his
nap

With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
wine,

Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every brow,
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

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The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

S O N G 201. By Mr. GARRICK.

YE critics above, and ye critics below,
Ye finer-spun critics who keep the mid row,
O tarry one moment, I'll sing you a song,
Shall prove that like us—*You are all in the wrong,*
Sing tantara-rara wrong all, wrong all,
Sing tantara-rara wrong all.

You poets who mount on the fam'd winged steed,
Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed:
For when by those hornets the critics, he's stung:
You are thrown in the dirt—and are all in the
wrong. *Sing tantara-rara, &c.*

Ye actors who act, what those writers have writ,
Pray stick to your poet and spare your own wit ;
For when with your own you unbridle your tongue,
I'll hold ten to one—*You are all in the wrong.*
Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye knaves who make news for the foolish to read,
Who print daily slander the hungry to feed ;

For

For a while you mislead 'em the news-hunting
throng,

But the pillory proves—*You are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye grave politicians, so deep and so wise, [eyes
With your hums, and your shrugs, and your uplifted
The road that you travel is tedious and long,

But I pray you jog on—*You are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye happy fond husbands, and fond happy wives,
Let never suspicions embitter your lives ;

Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be as
strong ;

Who watch, or who catch—*They are all in the
wrong.*

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye unmarried folks be not bought ; or be sold ;
Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old ;
For they'll soon get together, the young with the
young ;

And then my wise old ones—*You are all in the
wrong.*

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye soldiers and sailors, who bravely have fought ;
Who honour and glory, and laurels have bought ;
Let your foes but appear, you'll be at 'em ding
dong,

And if they come near you—*They're all in the
wrong.*

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye judges of taste to our labours be kind,
Our errors are many, pray wink or be blind ;
Still find your way hither, to glad us each night,
And our note we will change to—*You're all in the
right.*

Sing tantara-rara right all, right all,

Sing tantara-rara right all.

S O N G

S O N G

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SONG 202. COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain :
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love :
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder ;
 He's dropfical, she is fore ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder ;
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother ;
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments which youth did bestow ;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below. Those

Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness nor time can remove ;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship intensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

S O N G 203.

By Mr. CHARLES SMYTH.

Tune : *Strepson of the bill.*

FOR fanci'd belles, in pompous lays,
 Some have their zeal exprest ;
 But I to thee the song will raise,
 My Nanny of the west.

The stateliest pine in Edgecombe's grove,
 Which towers above the rest,
 Is not so stately as my love ;
 My Nanny of the west.

Beyond the May-blown flow'ret sweet,
 With nature's beauty drest,
 Engaging, easy, plainly neat,
 Is Nanny of the west.

Was I like Antony of yore,
 Of half the world possesst ;
 Like him I'd lose that half, once more,
 For Nanny of the west.

Before

Before I chanc'd the fair to 'spy,
 I fanci'd love a jest ;
 But soon he taught my soul to sigh
 For Nanny of the west.

'Twas in a secret shady grove,
 Which limpid streams invest,
 I met her and reveal'd my love,
 To Nanny of the west.

I ask'd a kiss with comely grace,
 She granted my request ;
 Then clasp'd I, with a dear embrace,
 My Nanny of the west.

A strain of love she sweetly sung,
 I lean'd upon her breast ;
 And round my neck, in raptures clung,
 My Nanny of the west.

What more endearments pass'd between
 Us, may not be exprest ;
 'Tis not for men to know the scene
 My Nanny of the west !

But this I'll sing——ye nymphs be kind,
 And thus ye shall be blest ;
 And bards to sound your praises find,
 Like Nanny of the west.

S O N G 204.

The PILGRIM, From the Original ITALIAN.

IN penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,

Sworn

Sworn foe to melancholy,
 Set out strange lands to see ;
 With cockle-shells on hat-brim,
 With staff, scrip, beads, and that trim,
 As might become a pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.

With feet unshod he traces,
 O'er hills, o'er wilds and chaces,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see ;
 But, when he look'd, and saw no
 Kind of hut or house to go to,
 Was e'er poor pilgrim plagu'd so,
 Begging for charity ?

At length, almost dejected,
 Kind heav'n, when least expected,
 A damsel's steps directed,
 Whence come you sir, says she ?
 Full many a weary step, sweet,
 And all on these poor bare feet ;
 O ! could I, by your help, meet
 Lodging for charity.

With courteous voice and accent,
 Says she, I fear you're quite spent ;
 But, what I say is well meant,
 Come lodge this night with me.
 That favour, ma'am's excessive :
 No speeches, sir, while I live ;
 If ought I have, or can give,
 I give for charity.

My tenement is brittle ;
 My room, I fear, too little ;

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 And in at once went he
 Through many a town and city
 I've been, to beg for pity,
 But ne'er found room so pretty,
 Or so much charity.

Nine days he liv'd in clover ;
 So well he play'd the lover,
 She thought the time soon over,
 And will you go, says she ?
 But, gentle pilgrim, should you
 Return this way, I would do
 As much as woman could do,
 And all for charity.

S O N G 205. Dear WILLY.

LONG time I despair'd a young shepherd to
 find,
 Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind,
 But at last I have found a dear lad to my mind ;
 Oh! I never can part with my Willy.

We hy'd to the altar last midsummer day,
 I blush'd all the while and scarce knew what to say:
 But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey ;
 Can I do any less by my Willy ?

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air ;
 His face than the rose is more ruddy I swear,
 And his kisses as sweet, oh ! beyond all compare ;
 There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends, for to pipe or to play;
And what tender soft things does the shepherd
not say.

With ease, I am sure, he may steal hearts away;
But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down
my head,
How kindly he watch'd me, what tears did he shed!
Nor left me a moment 'till sickness was fled:
Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy?

Shou'd death from my sight tear the shepherd
so true,
Let him take (if he chuses) then me away too:
For why shou'd I tarry, or what cou'd I do,
Shou'd I lose such a lad as my Willy?

S O N G 206.

A new TRUCE between BACCHUS and VENUS.

MYSELF between Venus and Bacchus I'll
poise,
And 'twixt their two scales fix my balance of joys;
'Tis true, they both have their charms when apart,
But blended, they double the heat of my heart.

With rage on his brow, and contempt in his
eye,
Bacchus throws down his cluster, and gives me
the lye;
No female, says he, shall partake of my throne,
A rival I hate, and I'll govern alone.

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Dear Venus in turn her dominion maintains,
Asserts her controul o'er the nymphs and the
swains,

Upbraids me for kneeling at Bacchus's shrine,
And strictly forbids me the juice of the vine.

One scolds me, because I am fond of the bowl,
The other, 'cause woman shares half of my soul :
I boldly declare, for all projects I've try'd,
No mortal his pastime can better divide.

Why then let 'em wrangle, what is it to me ?
I warrant my conduct shall make 'em agree ;
As one to prefer to the other I'm loth,
I'll love, and I'll drink, and be pleasing to both.

S O N G 207. PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain !
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?
Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
And all the gems that deck the fair ;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore ;
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again:
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
 When Jove commands, we must obey.

SONG 208. By Mr. CHARLES SMYTH.

NE'ER think we ne'er think on the charmers
 on shore,
 While toss'd up and down on the waves;
 Believe me, the beaux who pretend to adore,
 Want souls to be so much their slaves.

Tho', borne o'er the deep, so far distant we keep
 From all that we love and esteem,
 With them all the day, led by fancy we stray,
 And clasp them at night in a dream.

Each chance that befalls in the course of our lives,
 Conduces to keep in our mind,
 And bids us reflect on the maidens, or wives,
 We left with reluctance behind.

When Sol's pleasant beams all-bespangle the
 The pleasure that's lost we deplore; [streams,
 When each thro' the shade might conduct the
 lov'd maid,
 Was he with his wishes on shore.

Rough tempests arising, we know they're come
 To seek for amusement at home; [strain'd
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What lover but then wou'd give all he has gain'd,
With them to partake of the dome ?

My kind Annabell knew always full well,
Such seasons with blifs to improve :
Then me to her breast how oft has she prest ;
And sung, " Sure 'tis mutual love."

When pain'd with diseases, for her still I long,
And wish the soft nymph to enfold ;
More healing than balm is the pow'r of her
tongue,
Her kisses too sweet to be told.

Ah ! why am I drove so far from my love ?
Why cross'd is affection so great ?
But fate sure decrees disappointments like these,
To make us more blest when we meet.

Less grateful the spring her gay verdure wou'd
bring,
Did winter the year never blast ;
So the powers ordain us a portion of pain,
That pleasure more pleasant may taste ;

Then fill'd with this hope we'll to mirth give free
scope,
And mourning a while we'll give o'er ;
And ardently join, in full bumpers of wine,
To toast all the charmers on shore.

THE morning is charming, all nature is gay,
 Away, my brave boys, to your horses away;
 For the prime of our pleasure, and questing the
 hare,
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.

CHORUS.

*Hark ! the lively ton'd horn,
 How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds
 To the musical song, to the musical song of the merry
 mouth'd hounds.*

In yon stubble field we shall find her below,
 Soho ! cries the huntsman ; hark to him, soho !
 See, see where she goes, and the hounds have a view,
 Such harmony Handel himself never knew.

CHORUS.

*Gates, hedges, and ditches, to us are no bounds,
 But the world is our own while we follow the hounds.*

Hold, hold, 'tis a double ; hark, hey, Bowler, hey,
 If a thousand gainfay it, a thousand shall lie ;
 His beauty surpassing, his truth has been try'd,
 At the head of a pack an infallible guide.

CHORUS.

*At his cry the wide welkin with thunder resounds,
 The darling of hunters, the glory of hounds.*

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodlands we fly
 Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry;
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So match'd in their mouths, and so even they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the
sun.

CHORUS.

*Health, joy, and felicity, dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.*

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline;
A chace of two hours or more she has led,
She's down—look about ye—they have her—she's
dead.

CHORUS.

*How glorious a death to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.*

Here's a health to all hunters and long be their lives,
May they never be cross'd by their sweet-hearts
or wives;
May they rule their own passions, and ever at rest
As the most happy men, be they also the best.

CHORUS.

*And free from the care which the many surrounds
Be happy at last, when they see no more hounds.*

S O N G 210. The POSITIVE FAIR.

WELL, if I continue but in the same mind,
I never shall wed I protest,
There's something so shocking in all the male
kind,
That bad my thoughts pictur'd the best.

The

The nymphs would persuade, and talk till they
vex,

Love's lure to catch youth in the prime ;
Why if one must once like the opposite sex,
I think seventeen the right time.

They tell it as strange I should be so annoy'd
At men who were meant for our good ;
But what's in one's nature we cannot avoid,
I'd be in the mode if I cou'd.

The shepherds all wonder that from them I fly,
If seen o'er the plain as I go :
Why still let them wonder at distance, say I,
The men should be always kept so.

Young Colin declares my aversion's a joke,
And thinks in my heart to succeed ;
For woman, he says, never thought as she spoke;
He's mighty obliging indeed.

He caught me just now, and it came in his head,
To kiss me, but from him I tore :
Yet really believe had he done as he said,
He could not have frighten'd me more.

I hope that such freedoms he'll ne'er again use,
My fixt resolution to try ;
For oh ! I am certain I shall not refuse,—
I mean that I shall not comply.

S O N G

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SONG 211.

A BURLESQUE ON 'IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.'

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
If a poison, oh! tell me, whence comes my content?

Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my heart.

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joy known;
But, oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove,

By its sovereign heat to expel that of love;
When in quenching the old I create a new flame
And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a name.

SONG 212.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
On lords, your admirers, you look'd with disdain;
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain.
You said, when they teiz'd you with nonsense and
drefs,

Where real's the passion, the vanity's less:
You saw thro' that silence which others despise;
And while beaux were prating, read love in mine
eyes.

Oh!

Oh! where is the nymph, who like you, ne'er can
cloy;

Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy?
And, when the short-transport of love's at an end,
From passionate mistress turn sensible friend?
When I see you I love you, but hearing adore;
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
'Till mad with admiring, I cannot refrain,
And kissing those lips you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauty, and look away care:
I'll ask thy advice, when with trouble oppress'd;
Which never displeases, but always is best.
In all that I do I'll thy judgment require,
Thy taste shall correct what thy wit did inspire:
Then I'll kiss and caress thee 'till youth is all o'er,
And then live on friendship when passion's no more.

SONG 213.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
below,

Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell stood amaz'd that a person so wise,
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
When they heard that he came for his wife!
When they heard, &c.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old Pluto long puzzl'd his brain;

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But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
 So he gave him his wife back again,
 So he gave him, &c.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
 And pleas'd, with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art;
 Such power had music in hell!
 Such power had music in hell!

SONG 214.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square:
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings, which providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 While sweet meditation and chearful content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
 Do many their labours employ;
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG 215.

A Taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
Who ne'er in his days tasted champagne or
claret;

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.
Derry down, down.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
When blest'd with a pint of three-threads for his
lining;

'Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a seamstress's bodkin destroy'd his *quietus*.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,
His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure:
His bills, he contrives not with items to swell,
Silk, twist, tape and buckram, he damns them to
hell.

Cupid pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had
made;

He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
And never give out 'till he'd finish'd his suit.

He visits the seamstress with aukward address,
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness:
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and
wheedle,

For she, lack-a-day! was as sharp as a needle.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his
doom;

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Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The Fate's shears would soon cut off his remnant
of life.

D'ye think, cry'd the seamstrefs, I'll take for a
spouse,

One whom no one esteems three skips of a louse;
Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating;
And making such speeches which scarce bear re-
peating;

A woman unmarried was useless he said,
Was just like a needle without any thread.

When the priest should have tack'd them together,
he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;
Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble!
And swore that her eyes were more bright than
her thimble;

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
That (I know not how 'twas) but he cabbag'd
her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went;
Nor appear'd in their visage the least discontent;
None but death could the conjugal knot have
untied;

For cross-legg'd together they sat till they dy'd.

SONG 216. SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

I Have a tenement to let,
 Will please both great and small, fir,
 And if you'd know the name of it,
 I call it sportsman's-hall, fir.
 It's seated in a pleasant vale,
 Near to a rising hill, fir,
 And through it runs a purling stream,
 Would turn a little mill, fir.

It is not roof'd with slate or tile,
 Nor is it piec'd nor patch'd, fir,
 Yet a drop of rain can ne'er get in,
 It is so nicely thatch'd, fir:
 If I do not let it soon,
 By Jove I'll have it cry'd, fir,
 For what's the use of such a thing
 If it is not occupied, fir.

This house is very dark at night ;
 And so it is by day, fir ;
 Yet if you enter once aright,
 You cannot miss your way, fir ;
 When once you're in push boldly on
 As far as e'er you can, fir ;
 And if you reach the farther end,
 You'll be where ne'er was man, fir.

There is no window to this house,
 Nor is there but one door, fir,
 No parlours nor fine rooms up stairs,
 But just the middle floor, fir,—
 Yet, let not this discourage you,
 For ere you long are there, fir ;
 What though your furniture be large,
 You'll find you've room to spare, fir,

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On two rais'd pillars stands this house,
 Yet though so high the door, fir,
 You can't get fairly in, unless
 You creep upon all-four, fir.
 Though there is ne'er a soul within
 This little door t'unlock, fir :
 It is so cunningly contriv'd,
 'Twill open if you knock, fir.

It is surrounded by a wood,
 Where there is game in plenty :
 Of hairs so stout, you scarce can find
 The like in places twenty :
 Of coney-hunting day and night
 You'll have your full enjoyment :
 And if in cocking you delight ;
 You ne'er will want employment.

This house is warm without a fire,
 In it is peace and plenty,
 It is in very good repair,
 And has stood years but twenty ;
 The sort of tenant I would chuse
 I now will tell you fairly,
 He must be young and one that can
 Get up both late and early.

One that cultivates the land,
 And sows it in due season,
 That handles well the thrashing flail,
 Whene'er there is occasion :
 If he doth this, I promise him
 I ne'er for rent will call, fir :
 But if he fails, I will eject
 Him out of Sportsman's hall, fir.

SONG 217. The COURTSHIP.

A Beautiful lady in fair London town,
Was woo'd by a Frenchman, a teague,
and a clown,

With others that fain would be bone of her bone;
And the courtship, gentlefolks, I'll relate to you
now :

The first that appeared was a man of the mode,
A Frenchman by birth, Spitalfield's his abode;
He address'd this fair lady (*en taste alamode*),
And thus he said ;

Madame, you be de very pretty lady I ever saw
in all my life ; you make my very heart jump for
joy, to see dat taper waist, dat lily white hand,
does snowy vite bubbies ; by gar, madame, your
eyes be two burning glassses, dat set my soul on
fire ; eh, madame, me die for love of you, just now
presently ; eh ! madame, me will love you, and
me will marry you. *With my tol de rol, &c.*

The next was a teague from Dublin come o'er,
Quite proud to set foot on Britannia's shore ;
Ah ! hone, my shoul, he was devilish proud, but
damnable poor,
And thus he said :

Arrah ! by my shoul, dear honey, joy, now,
madam, if you was in Dublin city, I'd be after
swearing you was one of the finest ladies in all
England, setting aside my lord lieutenant, and two
or three thousand more. Look you, dear joy, I
am as great as any man in Ireland. Look you,
I've brought over with me from Dublin city, its
own self, as much money as you and yourself
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can carry; and have a present of a ring, with a diamond in the middle of it as big as a potatoe; and the devil take my shoul, dear hone, joy, if I don't make you as good a husband as no man living.

With my tol de rol, &c.

The next that appear'd was a quaker so prim,
With his primitive face, and a very broad brim,
He address'd this fair lady without moving a limb;
And thus he said :

Fair lump of earth; shun the addressees of the profane, and fly the wickedness of this our Babylon; look untowards me, even as I look untowards thee, in the spirit of love, in the spirit of truth, in the spirit of faithfulness. Fain would I have thee become bone of my bone; yea, and I would raise up seed unto thee, yea, and thou shalt prove faithful as the tender vine, which groweth by the water side, even so say I Ezekiel Zeccharias. Humph!

With my tol lol, &c.

The next that appear'd was a terrible blade,
If so we may say, was a soldier by trade;
He swore that no other this lady should wed,
And thus he said :

For with z—ds and blood, fire and sword, madam, my name is capt. Flash; and if e'er I meet with a rival to your beauty, I'll stick him against the wall; slay thousands, madam, to make you smile; cut off their legs and make them dance upon their stumps to give you joy; I'm noble and great as Cæsar, d---m me!

With my tol, lol, derol, &c.

The next that appeared was a Devonshire clown,
Who to court this fine lady was sent up to town;
He made a low bow, then sat him down,
And thus he said ;

Ads wounds and heart ! vair maid, your's main
vine in your laced lappets and filken gown ; Ise
know not how to face such a vine lady as you, no
not I, Ise e'en go into my own country and ask va-
ther. Ads wounds, if you was down in our good
tawn, vather must e'en take down one zide on's
haufe to let you in. Odd's lickens, there are eyes
as black as any foot, cheeks as red as hung beef,
and bubbies as plump and as soft as good vat ba-
can ; and so to make no more bones on't, and
you'll have me, why I'll have you, and that's all
I can say to the matter, vair mistress,

With my tol, &c.

The next that appear'd was a jolly brisk tar,
With admiral Pococke enrich'd by the war ;
And he of all others thought himself on a par,
And thus he said ;

Well, my heart, weare now within gun-shot of
each other ; you may as well bring to, and let the
parson lash us together. Here am I, tho' I say it,
that ought not to say it, as well rigg'd as e'er a
man in London, (———thou art a tight little
frigate, and well rigg'd too) Now if you was gun-
nel deep, in a good feather bed, and I along side
of you ; if you got a head of me, I'd croud all
the sail I could to come up with you ; I'd board
your poop, I'd lash my main yard fast to your lar-
board quarter, and if I did'nt find out your gang-
way, d--me !

With my tol, &c.

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SONG 218. THE RURAL LASS.

MY father and mother, what ail 'em,
 Pretend I'm too young to be wed ?
 They expect, but in troth I shall fail 'em,
 That I finish my chairs and my bed.

Provided our minds are but cheary,
 Wooden chairs wou'd not argue a glove,
 Any bed will hold me and my deary,
 The main chance in wedlock is love.

My father, when ask'd if he'd lend us
 An horse to the parson to ride ;
 In a wheel-barrow offer'd to send us,
 And John for the footman beside.

Wou'd we never had ask'd him ; for whip it !
 To the church, tho' two miles and a half,
 Twice, as far 'twere a pleasure to trip it ;
 But then how the people would laugh.

The neighbours are nettled most sadly,
 " Was e'er such a forward bold thing ?
 " Sure girl never acted so madly !"
 'Thro' the parish these backbitings ring.

Yet I will be married to-morrow,
 And charming young Harry's the man ;
 My brother's blind nag we can borrow,
 And he may prevent us that can.

Not waiting for parent's consenting,
 My brother took Nell of the green ;
 Yet both far enough from repenting,
 Now live like a king and a queen.

Pray

Pray when will your gay things of London,
Produce such a strapper as Nell's ?
There wives by their husbands are undone,
As Saturday's news-paper tells.

Polly Barnley said over and over,
I soon should be left in the lurch ;
For Harry she knew, was a rover,
And never would venture to church.

And I know the sorrows that wound her,
He courted her once he confest ;
With another too great, when he found her,
He bade her take him she lik'd best.

But all who are like her, or wou'd be,
May learn from my Harry and me ;
If maids wou'd be maids while they shou'd be,
How faithful their sweet-hearts would be.

My mother says, cloathing and feeding
Will soon make me sick of a brat :
But, tho' I prove sick in my breeding,
I care not a farthing for that.

For if I'm not hugely mistaken,
We can live by the sweat of our brow ;
Stick a hog once a year for fat bacon,
And all the year round keep a cow.

I value no dainties a button,
Coarse food will our stomachs allay ;
If we cannot get veal, beef, and mutton,
A chine and a pudding we may.

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A fig for your richest brocading ;
 In linsley there's nothing that's base ;
 Your finery soon sets a fading,
 My dowlas will last beyond lace.

I envy not wealth to a miser,
 Nor wou'd I be plagu'd with his store :
 To eat all, and wear all, is wiser ;
 Enough must be better than more.

So nothing shall tempt me from Harry,
 His heart is as true as the sun :
 Eve with Adam was order'd to marry ;
 The world it should end as begun.

S O N G 219.

TO Cælia thus fond Damon said,
 " See here a mossy carpet laid ;"
 And then her hand he press'd.
 " Free from the world's intruding eye,
 " Here lurks, my dear, no busy spy."
 He look'd and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a feign'd surprize,
 While pleasure sparkled in her eyes,
 " Sure Damon does not mean---"
 The shepherd stop'd her with a kiss,
 And clasp'd her panting breast to his,
 " My dear we are not seen."

Then by a thousand kisses more,
 A thousand tender oaths he swore,
 His love should never end :
 She call'd on all the pow'rs above,

None

None heard her but the God of Love,
And he was Damon's friend.

"And is there then no help?" she said,
"By Damon to be thus betray'd!"
Then hung her head and blush'd:
"Oh! Damon, will you yet be good;"
The shepherd smil'd, and swore he wou'd,
She sigh'd and all was hush'd.

S O N G 220. A NEW MEDLEY.

IF love's a sweet passion how can it torment; if
bitter, O tell me whence | comes it, neighbour
Dick that you, with taste uncommon, have play'd
the girls this trick, and wedded an; | old wo-
man cloathed in grey, whose daughter was charm-
ing and young; | Roger came tapping at Dolly's
window, tumpaty, tumpaty, tump, he begg'd for
admittance, she answer'd him no, no; | no, no, no,
no, I must not try, I cannot fly, I must not durst
not cannot. | Fly care to the winds thus I blow thee
away, I'll drown thee in wine if thou dare for to
| stay, shepherd stay, I prithee stay, did not you see
her | Go rose my Chloe's bosom grace, my Chloe's
bosom grace, how, | happy, happy, happy pair,
none but the brave, none but the brave, none but
the brave deserve the | Fairest of the virgin throng
dost thou seek thy swain's abode, see yon fertile
vale along the new worn | paths, the flocks shall
leave the mountains, the woods the turtle dove,
the nymphs forsake the fountains, ere I forsake
| my goddess Cælia heavenly fair, as lilies sweet,
as soft as air; let loose thy tresses, spread thy
charms, and to my love, give | o'er your foolish

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prating talk no more of | all the girls that are so
 smart there's none like charming Sally, she is the
 darling of my | Chloe has dimples and smiles I
 must own, but tho' she cou'd smile yet in truth she
 could frown, but | tell me, tell me charming crea-
 ture, must I always love in | vain dear Chloe you sug-
 gest that | I in a humour was late as any good fellow
 may be, to think of no matters of state, but seek
 for | Good fellows all that love to be told where
 there's claret good store, attend to the call of one
 that's ne'er frighted but greatly delighted with |
 early horn salute the morn that gilds this charming
 place, with chearful cries bid echo rise and join
 the | sweet rosy morning peeps over the hills,
 with blushes adorning the meadows and fields, while
 the merry, merry, merry horn | calls us tipplers all
 up in the morn, to the mitre or the rummer we
 steer, to unharbour the best liquor there; | And all
 the night long, with wine, punch and song, we
 take off our glasses so chearful and free, our joys
 will abound while the liquor goes round, no mortals
 on earth are so happy as we.

S O N G 221.

The LITTLE MAN and MAID.

THERE was a little man, and he woo'd a
 little maid,
 And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed, wed,
 I have little more to say, than will you aye or nay,
 For little said is soonest mended.

Then reply'd the little maid, little sir, you've little
 said,
 To induce a little maid, to wed, wed, wed,

You must say a little more, and produce a little
dow'r,

Ere I make a little print in your bed, bed, bed.

Then the little man repli'd, if you'll be my little
I'll raise my love a little higher, [bride,
Tho' I little love to prate, my little heart is great,
With the little god of love all on fire.

Then the little maid reply'd, should I be your
little bride,

Pray what shall we do for to eat, eat, eat,
Will the flame you'r so rich in, serve the fire in
the kitchen,

Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit.

Then the little man he sigh'd, some say a little
cry'd,

For his little breast was big with sorrow;
I am your little slave if the little that I have,
Is too little, little dear, I will borrow.

So the little man so gent, made the little maid
relent

And set her little heart all a thinking,
Tho' his offers were but small, she took his little
And could have of a cat but her skin. [all

S O N G 222.

SYLVIA, on her arm, reclining
In a shady cool retreat;
Lay in loose attire, designing, fal la la, &c.
To avoid the sultry heat.

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For unveil'd, she thought, no stander
By, could view the lovely fair;
Whilst young zephyrs came and fann'd her, fal, &c
Beauteous face with fragrant air.

There the blooming nymph lay panting,
Sighing for her absent swain;
There extended she lay wanting, fal, &c.
Him to ease her love-sick pain.

Soon the happy youth who won her,
To the kind retreat drew near,
And in transport gaz'd upon her, fal, &c.
Charms repos'd in slumber there.

Love persuaded 'twas no sin to
Vent his flames without debate;
So he boldly ventur'd into, fal, &c.
Tales of love with Sylvia strait.

SONG 223. The STOCKS:

Or, HIGH CHANGE in CHANGE-ALLEY.

Inscribed to those honourable Gentlemen the

BULLS and BEARS.

HERE you see, without delusion
All is bustle and confusion;
Knavery is the only plan, fir,
All are cheating who cheat can, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

† B b

Here

Here the daily lie encreases ;
Now its war ; and now it peace is ;
Judge you for what this is meant, fir ?
To get things up ten per cent, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Pray observe that sneaking figure !
Mark his looks, so wan and meagre !
Scrip he'll buy, or will dispense, fir,
Tho' not worth a thousand pence, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Here the great man. truth can swear it,
Sends his pimp to Bull and Bear it ;
He can set the market going ;
For my lord is very knowing !

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Now the French are finely beaten ;
Now the British bands retreating ;
Now we're sick, and now we're well, fir,
That these may buy ; and those may sell, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Now we hurl at Spain defiance ;
Now we'd better court alliance ;
Now we take their towns away, fir ;
Now we neither do nor say, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Now one minister's disgusted ;
Now another can't be trusted ;
Now he's in, and now he's out, fir ;
Up and down and turn-about, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

With the news of fights and sieges,
Each the other here obliges ;

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Butchers,
Painters,
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Thus are
Gambling
Let them
The stock

This keeps rogu'ry in play, fir ;
Those who will believe it may, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

This is fun, if people think so ;
Yet the government will wink so ;
These good folks the world surprize, fir,
Preying on the state's supplies, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Butchers, barbers, coblers, taylors,
Painters, parsons, clerks, and gaolers,
Leave their counters, scorn their trade, fir ;
Fortunes here are sooner made, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Here for time they're selling, buying ;
Some refusing ; some complying ;
If in payment there's a flaw, fir ;
They're above the reach of law, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

But it Bull, and Bear, don't tally,
Out they waddle from the alley ;
And, reduc'd to humbler state, fir,
Curse stock-jobbing, and their fate, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Thus are knaves and fools pursuing
Gambling, to their country's ruin ;
Let them lose, or let them win, fir,
The stocks above they shou'd be in, fir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

SONG 224. THE MAN MIDWIFE.

Tune : *A Cobler there was, &c.*

COME listen good people a while to my ditty,
Thus much I will say for't, 'tis true if not
witty ;

And truth in all ages was ever confess'd
To fiction superior—however express'd.

Derry down.

There liv'd in the city a knight of great fame,
(My readers, I hope, will excuse me his name)
For tho' the muse loves to be jocund and gay,
She ne'er by her mirth shall the harmless betray.

Derry down.

This knight had a wife of so tempting a look,
That by many she might for a Venus be took ;
And faith their conjectures would not be plac'd
wrong,
For a Venus she was—as you'll learn from my
song.

Derry down.

This wife was the cordial, the balm of his heart,
In raptures he'd call her his life's better part ;
And her spouse I can tell you, was not so amiss,
But sometimes in bed was a little remis

Derry down.

Sir Husky was wealthy, and wealth brought his
care,

To the gifts of kind fortune, he wanted an heir ;
But I need not repeat what I've said o'er again,
Yet all he could do for an heir was, in vain.

Derry down.

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Will make

If that's all
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Kind docto
And a hand

His wife who was troubled to see him uneasy,
As most wives (ye husbands) are willing to please
Determin'd to try and relieve spousy's care, [ye,
If another could get for fir Husky an heir.

Derry down.

To a doctor she sent, who resided just by,
Whose manly deportment had long took her eye ;
She told him her case, and he pity'd her grief,
Then pull'd out a phial to give her relief.

Derry down.

But just in the nick of this grand operation,
While the doctor was giving the fair her potation ;
Sir Husky came in, who loud in a pet,
Cry'd, rape ! murder ! thieves ! zounds, fir what
are you at ?

Derry down.

Quoth madam, (as women are ne'er at a loss,
For a lie to escape with, when things happen cross)
My dear, pray be quiet, and don't make a noise,
The doctor's but trying to add to our joys.

Derry down.

I told him the case, that you wanted an heir,
And the business, he says, he can do right and
fair ;

One potion he's given, and says, a few more
Will make me as fruitful a wife as e'er bore.

Derry down.

If that's all the matter, quoth he, I'm well pleas'd,
From all care and trouble I now shall be eas'd ;
Kind doctor, I thank you, pray do your endeavour,
And a handsome reward shall repay you the favour,

Derry down.

The

The doctor took leave, highly pleas'd with his fee,
 And often would call his fair patient to see ;
 His luscious love potion he often apply'd,
 Which in less than a year the old knight satisfy'd.
Derry down.

S O N G 225. IRISH SONG.

Tune : *When I was a young man, I sat in.*

THE girls of Kilkenny, so buxom and frisky,
 Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and
 whisky.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

'Cause why, I cou'd dance, sing and caper so gaily,
 And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shila-
 ley.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But Cupid the blinker that arch mischief maker,
 For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake
 fir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Oh! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name
 fir,

For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame fir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But oh! when I came to address and adore her,
 I tumbled down backwards strait forwards before
 her.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Sweet

Sweet creature said I—can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But she with her looks and her tongue gan to jeer
me,
And shutting her eyes—was resolv'd not to hear
me.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I you false
creature,
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor
later.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then all ye young lovers by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then when you are dead, they will treat you
with laughter,

And call you a fool all your life ever after.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

S O N G 226.

The HISTORY of the late WAR.

ARISE, Britannia, strike th' attentive ear,
With British deeds perform'd in modern
war ;

Sing

Sing how thy sons, warm'd with their grand-fire's
fire,

To conquest, wealth and glory re-aspire.
The goddess hears and smiles : elate to tell
How Albion rose to fame, how Gallia fell.

(Tune : *Give ear to a frolicsome ditty.*)

Come listen a while to my story,
'Tis fit for true Britons to hear,
How England assumed her glory,
And Frenchmen resumed their fear.

Tol, lol, &c.

(Tune : *The Attic fire.*)

When gentle peace's olive branch,
Had still'd our jars with faithless France,
Britons their arms laid by ;
But France, whose faith is all a joke,
The sacred bond of honour broke,
And every treaty's tie.

(Tune : *In story we're told.*)

Then says our good king,
'Tis a very hard thing,
My friend Lewis should be so uncivil :
Since all bounds he o'er leaps,
I will seize all his ships,
And blow all his forts to the devil.

RECITATIVE.

Then strait he sent out full as brave a train,
As ever courted fame on land or main :
Their mighty acts will dignify my song ;
Some I'll repeat, for all will be too long.

Tune

Have you
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(Tune : *Watkin's Breeches.*)

Have you not heard how Marlbro' burnt
 Their shipping at St. Maloe's ?
 Maloe's, Maloe's, shipping at St. Maloe's ;
 Stores, provisions, ships and all,
 He burn'd at St. Maloe's.

(Tune : *Ally Croaker.*)

This work when compleat, with hearts void of
 fear, fir,
 To Cherburgh, their course they directly did steer,
 fir,
 To Cherburgh, whose works, near an age had
 employ'd, fir,
 But in one glorious day was by Britain destroy'd
 fir :
 But first we sent a trumpet, on seeing their alarm,
 fir,
 To tell them our business in order and form, fir.

(Tune, *Lord Thomas he was a bold forester.*)

But when that he came to Cherburgh gate,
 He knock'd hard at the ring,
 And who was so ready as the governor,
 To let the bold trumpeter in.
 What news, what news, thou bold trumpeter,
 What news dost thou bring unto me ?
 We're come to destroy both your bason and works,
 And that is bad news for thee.

RECITATIVE.

Confounded at the news, with meagre face,
 Thus the poor governor bewail'd his case.

Tune :

(Tune : *The charge is prepar'd.*)

The English are come, our fate is decreed,
Ah ! toutes les saints aye pitie de nous !
Such force and such courage no strength can im-
pede ;

The devil confound all the hellish crew.
Then farewell fair town, noble bason adieu !
Morbleu ! I must fly ; wou'd you cou'd so too ;
Here sets our bright sun, here begins our disgrace,
For the rouz'd English lion, no Frenchman can
face.

(Tune : *Our goodly ship she was laden deep.*)

So the works we burnt, and the stones we sunk,
And the governor he did run away ;
And the flags we brought unto old England,
For to shew that we had won the day.

(Tune : *A Cobler there was.*)

'Twas our brave fathers, renown'd of yore,
Spread death and destruction on Gallia's false
shore ;
Thus our Edwards and Henry's, our Benbows
and Shovels,
Us'd to thrash the French rascals within their own
hovels.

S O N G 227.

G O D save the K I N G.

G O D save great G E O R G E our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King !

Send

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Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall :
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On thee our hopes we fix,
O save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store
On GEORGE be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King !

S O N G 228.

The RARITIES OF LONDON. A MEDLEY.

(*Ge ho Dobbin.*)

COME Roger, and listen to where I have been,
Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have
zeen ;

Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
In that famous zity, call'd fair London town !

Oh brave London ! Oh sweet London !

In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

John

(*John and Betty.*)

First you must know,
That we did go
Into the zity ;
And zaw, not far
From Temple-Bar,
The wax-work pretty.

(*I made love to Kate*)

Then they carried me
To church built by St. Paul ;
Tho' thousands I did zee,
'Twas bigger than 'em all ;
And up the winding stairs,
Amaz'd, we did ascend ;
So many, waunds ! I thought
We ne'er should zee an end ;
But how I gap'd and star'd,
When to the top we came !
Had you been in my place,
Why you'd have done the same.

(*Tom loves Mary passing well.*)

To Guild-Hall next we did repair,
That we might view the giants ;
They told me they stood always there,
To bid the French defiance ;
That when the heard the clock strike one,
They would come down and greet me :
I cod ! I did not like such vun,
I was afraid they'd eat me.

(*Stick a pin there.*)

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
The lions, the armour, and crown to behold ;
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(*My*)

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Charming
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When the show-man at last bid the lasses so fair,
In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there,
Stick a pin there, &c.

(My fond shepherds of late were so blest.)

Back to Westminster-Abbey we stray'd,
Where are zeen all the kings, queens and tombs;
But I never zaw, zince I was made,
Such a number of deadly high rooms;
Then the organs play'd up too so fine;
What the boys fung, I understood not;
But the peoplen chorus, did join,
That in heav'n I thought I was got.

(The Attic Fire.)

At play-house too I did admire
A man who walk'd upon a wire,
As thof it was the ground;
And then the zails of our old mill,
When mov'd, compar'd with him, stand still,
So vast he did turn round.

(Kitty Fell.)

But now the time, alas! was come,
When I must think of going home,
Ah me, unhappy clown!
I dreamt of what I'd zeen all night,
And early by the morning light,
I left dear London town.
Charming London! happy London!
Adieu! dear London! London town.

SONG 229. The RAKE and the FRIAR.

TOM Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,
Who look'd for salvation thro' faith in the
Pope;

With qualms of contrition one morning was taken,
His conscience declaring 'twas high time to reckon.

His steps to a convent---the gallant address'd,
To pour his transgressions in Dominic's breast;
He tore his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,
He broke his couteau, and he fell down on his knee.

" Oh father ! lost rest to a sinner restore,
" These pieces are many, my trespasses more ;"
This said, from his pocket he drew out a purse,
Which ey'd by the father, his answer was thus :

" Son, trust mother church, for she'll ever confer,
" Indulgence on him that's indulgent to her,
" Let indigent wretches be scar'd for their souls,
" Remission she grants on receipt of pistoles ;
" The gate of her mercy to all is unbarr'd,
" To all such I mean, as come duly prepar'd."

The sinner encourag'd to make his confession :
Devoutly begins to tell his transgression :

" A shepherdes harmless and young I betray'd,
" I found her, ah ! wou'd I had left her a maid ;
" Untaught as the lambs she watch'd on the com-
mon,

" Decoy'd by this purse, I soon made her a woman :
" Let this buy forgiveness, it bought the delight,

" Take, take, holy father the fiend from my sight ;
Shaking his purse.

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" What !

The friar obey'd, and took charge of the booty,
Obedience you know is a branch of his duty,
So is poverty too, yet *aurum accepit*, [it ;
Why sure you don't think his intent was to keep
But lest a bad tale by its length, be made worse ;
The friar well weighing the case—of the purse ;
“ I find not,” says he, “ any cause for alarm,
“ You instructed a virgin and where is the harm.”

The libertine finding the virtues of rino,
Proceeded in penitence, *jure di-vino* :

“ The charms of a widow my soul did surprize,
“ Despairing her grief, and enchanting her eyes,
“ No second enjoyment she'd sworn to allow,
“ I kiss'd off her tears and ah ! cancell'd her vow ;”
“ Mere charity son had oblig'd you to this,
“ To comfort a widow sure was not amiss.”

“ An Hugonot's consort fell next in my snare,
“ By force I subdu'd th' untractable fair,
“ Her husband intruded, he fell in the strife ;
“ I stript her of honour, and him of his life.”

“ Pish let not such trifles your mind incommode,
“ To take from a heretic's giving to God ;
“ Which doubtless will cancel all trespasses past,
“ And merit the kingdom of heaven at last.”

“ I love to a beautiful nun did reveal,
“ She open'd her heart, and she open'd her cell ;
“ She open'd, oh ! heavens.”——

“ Damnation and hell ;
“ Mark, mark, it in black O ye secret recorders,
“ What ! lie with a nun, and not be in orders ?

“ This one deadly sin exceeds all the seven,
 “ ’Tis robbing the church, that’s robbing of
 heaven ;
 “ No vigil or offering atones for your evil,
 Down, down, to perdition, down, down, to the
 Devil.”
 Away sneak’d the gallant, away crept the monk.
 This sneak’d to his pottage and that to his punk.

S O N G 230. A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

THOUGH in these gay days, the ladies love
 plays,
 Dance and caper without hesitation,
 Say there is no sporting, compared to courting,
 And having a little flirtation.
 And having a little flirtation.

In house or in street, or wherever you meet,
 With the object of your inclination,
 Oh is it not pleasure, beyond any measure,
 To have then a little flirtation.
 To have then, &c.

What tho’ now you call an assembly, or ball,
 A pleasant and sweet recreation ;
 Although crouded full, you would find it but dull,
 If you had not a little flirtation.
 If you had not, &c.

There’s you, and there’s you, and there’s you madam
 All your primness is but affectation ; [too]
 Though you now look so fly, yet you cannot deny
 That you’re fond of a little flirtation,
 That you’re fond, &c.
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JOBSON’S

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Then banish all care, my dear lovely fair,
 Nor think of the fate of the nation ;
 Come well, or come ill, let things go how they will,
 We must have a little flirtation.
 And we will have a little flirtation.

S O N G 231.

JOBSON'S PARLEY with NELL ; Or, A TRIP to
 the C O R O N A T I O N .

TIS time my dear Nell, now to cease from
 all strife,
 Our manners to mend, and begin a new life ;
 No more I will flout thee, no more I'll be frown'd,
 Nell, we'll go to London, to see the King crown'd.

The King did proclaim, when his reign did begin,
 That to swear and to scold, was an horrible sin ;
 Then scold me no more, and in peace I'll be found ;
 Nell, we'll go to London, to see the King crown'd.

There, Nell, we shall see the King all in his robes,
 The lords in their laces, the ladies with bobs ;
 The knights in their garters, and titles renown'd ;
 Nell, we'll go to London to see the King crown'd.

O then we shall see the fine crownation chair,
 All cover'd with crimson, and gould that does
 glare,
 The cushion and canopy lac'd around ;
 Nell, we'll go to London to see the King crown'd.

The bishops in lawn then, all fine and all clean,
Will on the King's head set the crown so serene,
With gems so bespangled all eyes to confound ;
Nell, we'll go to London, to see the King crown'd.

The bible presented, the King he will swear,
All right for to do, without favour or fear,
How the drums they will beat, and the trumpets
will found !

Nell, we'll go to London, to see the King crown'd.

How the bells they will ring, and the rockets will
fly,

How the bombs and the guns then will roar in
the sky,

The serpents and fireballs how whiz on the ground !
Nell, we'll go to London, to see the King crown'd.

How the bumpers will flow too, to King George
the Third,

A true British monarch, I'll give you my word :
Long, long may he reign, and may plenty abound ;
Come Nell, let's to London, to see the King crown'd.

S O N G 2, 2.

BONNY BESSY. A Scots Sang.

YOUNG Bess looks sae bonny,
Busk'd in cockernony,
And coats kilted up to her knee ;
That ay ! when I view her,
I fondly pursue her,
And blithe am sic beauty to see.

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She's 'boon the aid of art,
 Lovely in ilka part,
 Nae painting nor patches wants she ;
 For kind-hearted nature
 Sae finish'd ilk feature,
 That naething mair perfect could be.

She without hose or shoon,
 Sae mony hearts has won,
 That ladies envy, and despair :
 For nae ane in the ilk,
 Though bra'ly busk'd in filk,
 Can wi' her for beauty compare.

Sae far Bess surpasses
 The lave of the lassies,
 For beauty, in ilka degree :
 That fowk, wondrin at her,
 Cry, fure some god gat her,
 She seems sae celestial to be.

Gin Paris were living,
 And now had the giving,
 O' the apple that erst he gave ;
 My Bessy's sae bonny,
 He'd gie't her, or ony :
 In vain might the goddesses crave.

Besides, she's no pretty
 Alane, but she's witty,
 Her tongue is wi' eloquence fraught :
 And yet her sense is such,
 She never speaks o'er much ;
 Nor can in an error be caught.

Since I'm no ambitious
 For wealth, be propitious

And

And let me tak charge o' thy charms :
 Let, let bonny Bessy,
 Let Robie carefs ye,
 And ward ye frae skaith in his arms.

SONG 233.

The DESPAIRING SWAIN. A Scots Sang.

OH! cruel nymph! tell, tell me why,
 You thus ha' chang'd your mind;
 And why frae his embraces fly,
 Wha'd prove to you so kind:
 That love you seem'd to shew o' late,
 I find, alas! was but deceit.

Whan first I tell'd my love to you,
 You sware by troth and faith,
 That ye'd ay love and prove most true;
 But you hae flown frae baith,
 And gie'n to a fawse swain your love,
 Wha'll in the end your ruin prove.

When first his feigned love he made,
 In wheedling lies, to thee,
 You smil'd and without blushing said,
 You loo'd him more than me:
 Was this your faith? could you thus prove?
 Were these your oaths? was this your love?

In meads whan you wi' nymphs and swains
 Were join'd in rural dance,
 To find you out I took much pains;
 But when I did advance,
 You brak their bands, you wadna bide,
 But scour'd awa' from me to hide.

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Whilft ither fwains do sport and play,

I tend my flocks alane ;

And to the whistling wind a' day,

I sigh and mak my mane ;

Yet you rejoice, laugh at my pain,

And scorn me for a faithless swain.

Tho' you sae fawse prove, and unkind,

Whom I sae much adore,

I still maun bear you in my mind ;

But ne'er shall loo ane more :

Since ye've prov'd fawse na mair I'll try ;

But for a treach'rous woman die.

Yet cruel fair, grant my last lack,

Oh, do not that deny :

Whan dead, a monument erac

Unto my memory.

Whether o'er it you greet or laugh,

Engrave this for my epitaph.

Young fwains, I beg ye'd a' tak care,

Your hearts fra love keep free ;

Lest yours should lead you to despair

As mine did wretched me :

She brak her vows, frae me did fly,

And for her sake, lo, here I lie.

S O N G 234. A Scots Sang

GIN e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass,
As sweet as the morn-dew that ligson the grafs,
Her cheek mun be ruddy, her eyn mun be bright,
Like stars in the sky on a cauld frosty night.

Oh

Oh cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,
 I'd freely gang to her,
 Carefs her and wooe her,
 At once take up heart and solicit a kifs.

My daddie wad ha' me to marry wi' Bell,
 But wha wad ha aine that he canna' like well;
 What tho' she has muckle, she's bleary and auld,
 Fic, faucy, uncoo, and a terrible scold.
 Oh gin Ise get sic a vixen as this,
 I'd whap her and strap her,
 So bang her and slap her,
 The devil for me shou'd solicit a kifs.

There's Maggie wad fain lug me into the chain,
 She spiers frisky at me, but blinks it in vain,
 She trows that I'll ha her——Ise no such a foo,
 For Willy did for her a lang while ago.
 Oh gin Ise get sic a wanton as this,
 She'd horn me and scorn me, and hugely
 adorn me,
 And ere she'd kifs me gi another a kifs.

But find me a lassie, that's youthful and gay,
 As blithe as a starling, as pleasant as may,
 Wha's free frae aw wrangling and jangling and
 strife, [life.
 And Ise tak her and mak her my ain thing for
 Oh gin Ise get sic a blessing as this,
 I'd kifs her and prefs her, preserve and carefs
 her,
 And think myself greater than Jove is in blifs.

SONG

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SONG 235 THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
 The las wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and cabbage,
 And bannocks of harley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawny the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robbie,
 With thumblefs Katy's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-cheekit Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat o' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With sniveling Lilly and Tibby,
 The las that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Who after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe :

And

And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh, with the lily-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The las wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misse-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And cauler nowt-feet in a plate.
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,

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With swats, and well scraped-paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
*Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
 The lafs wi' the gowden hair.*

S O N G 236.

Tak your AULD CLOAK about you.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts fae bald,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;

† D d

The

Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now 'tis scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trows they cost but ha'f a crown,
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun :
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hirklen in the ase ?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten.:

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Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

S O N G 237.

FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day
 been,

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir,
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

D d 2

Then

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

S O N G 238. A LOVE SONG in LOW LIFE.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
 Brick-duft Nan was set scratching her head,
 Her matted locks frizzled her skull,
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread.
 The wind tofs'd her tatters abroad,
 Her ashen brown beauties reveal'd ;
 A link-boy to her through the mud,
 Bare-footed scamp'd over the field.

O my love, though I cannot well jaw,
 (This plyer at playhouse began)
 Not tobacco so sweet to the chaw,
 As to kifs are the lips of my Nan.
 O my love, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug,
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,
 Tho' bit by each blood-sucking bug.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
 To the south of the horizon lower'd ;
 Their wedding to keep in the dry,
 To a stable they hastily scour'd ;

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While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 Undaunted they took their repose ;
 All the night on the litter they inor'd,
 And wak'd the next morning to louse.

S O N G 239.

The HUMOURS of COVENT-GARDEN.

Tune : *Rag Fair.*

OLD bards have sung how they could boast
 Of places much renowned,
 For bloody battles won and lost,
 And royal monarchs crowned :
 But all those deeds this age exceeds,
 They were not worth regarding,
 Some have declar'd, when once compar'd,
 With famous Covent-Garden.

First here's a church fam'd Jones did build,
 For people to be good in ;
 Where sermons, you may hear, are fill'd
 With reasons like a pudding ;
 Though in his clack, the man in black,
 Is sometimes very clever ;
 Yet I've been told, both young and old
 Return as wise as ever.

And not far off great Shakespear's shade
 His court is always keeping ;
 Where comedy is laughing made,
 And tragedy is weeping.—

Here Romeo sighs, and Hamlet dies,
 And brave Othello's undone ;
 To please the folks, here's Shuter's jokes,
 Or else the cries of London.

The Bedford next my muse has found,
 A fight that's worth your taking :
 Where Hobster cries with pleasing sound,
 " Fresh coffee, sir, is making."
 Here buskin'd beaus, in rich lac'd cloaths,
 Like lords and squires bluster,
 Bards, quacks, and cits, knaves, fools, and wits,
 An odd surprising cluster.

Now further let us steer our course,
 The auction-room invites us,
 Where Langford talks till he grows hoarse,
 And gapes as if he'd bite us.
 " Lot number one 'tis finely done,
 " The head of Card'nal Fleury ;
 " Guineas a score, I ask no more,
 " 'Tis worth it, I'll assure you."

Round Hunter's door young surgeons stand,
 Like crows for carrion waiting ;
 Within behold the butch'ring hand,
 On blood and bone debating.
 The doctor thus you hear discuss,
 " A larger view here seen is,
 " Which from the root begins to shoot,
 " And runs quite through the penis."

Here Venus' sons more nice than wife,
 To Douglas's retire ;
 Who often from love's banquet rise,
 As sparks ascend from fire :

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Here justice too appears in view,
 With bandage o'er her peepers,
 And sword held out both long and stout,
 To guard the brothel-keepers.

Here's bullies, gamblers, bawds and whores,
 Who daily do ensnare men ;
 Thief-takers, vintners, pimps by scores,
 With Welsh and Irish chairmen ;
 And trav'lers who the world go through,
 Have given attestation ;
 So strange a place, you cannot trace
 In any other nation.

S O N G 240. A NEGRO SONG.

ALTHO' a slave I'm born and bred,
 My skin be black or yellow,
 I have often sold my maidenhead
 To many a pretty fellow.
 My mossar too keep me for true,
 Him gave me gowns and laces ;
 With muslin coat and bitty too,
 To gain my sweet embraces.

Him picca-ninny, him come black,
 My mossar swear and whip me ;
 Him tear the cloaths from off my back,
 And naked does him strip me,
 Him turn me out into the field,
 With hoe the ground to cleary ;
 Me take my child upon my back,
 And wark till I am weary.

Him

Him O be sheer him come one night,
 Him give me cloaths and kisses;
 Him get one picca-ninny white,
 Almost as white as misses.
 My misses whip my back long switch,
 And swear him child for mossar;
 My mossar call'd him lying bitch,
 And bid him kifs him rossar,

I am fumb'd If I don't condescend,
 I am fumb'd too if I do it.
 I have no one to stand my friend,
 So I am forc'd unto it.
 I know no law, I know no sin,
 I am but what you make me,
 Dis be the way you breed me in;
 So God or Devil take me.

SONG 241. THE CHAMBERMAID.

NOT far from town a country squire,
 An open hearty blade,
 Had long confess'd a strong desire,
 To kifs the chambermaid.
 To kifs, to kifs the chambermaid.

One summer's noon, quite fuil of glee,
 He led her to the shade,
 And all beneath the mulb'ry tree,
 He kifs'd the chamber maid.

He kifs'd, &c.

The parson's spouse, from window high,
 The am'rous pair survey'd,
 And softly wish'd, none can deny,
 She'd been the chambermaid; She'd, &c.
 When

When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
 Kind sir, I'm much afraid,
 That woman there will tell your bride,
 You've kifs'd her chambermaid. You've, &c.

The squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
 That she might not upbraid,
 And instantly the lady brought,
 Where he had kifs'd her maid. Where, &c.

Then all beneath the mulb'ry tree
 Her ladyship was laid,
 And three times sweetly kifs'd was she,
 Just like her chambermaid. Just, &c.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
 For scandal was her trade,
 I saw your squire, ma'am, on my life,
 Great with your chambermaid. Great, &c.

When, cry'd the lady, where and how?
 I'll soon discharge the jade,
 Beneath the mulb'ry tree, I vow,
 He kifs'd your chambermaid. He kifs'd, &c.

This falshood, cry'd her ladyship,
 Shall not my spouse degrade,
 'Twas I chanc'd there to make a slip,
 And not my chambermaid. And not, &c.

Both parties parted in a pet,
 Not trusting what was said,
 And Betty keeps her service yet,
 The pretty chambermaid.
 The pretty, pretty chambermaid.

S O N G

SONG 242.

THE NOVICE.

CONFIN'D to the house to the age of fifteen,
No men but the clowns of the parish had
seen,

An aunt to instruct me, a formal old maid,
And I, silly I, believ'd all that she said.

My aunt in the grave, to the town I strait flew,
And instantly fond of each pleasure I grew;
The sparks waited round me wherever I went,
And I, silly I, could not guess what they meant.

They call me a goddess, and sighing declare,
The toasts of the town are not like me so fair;
They vow and they kneel, and my pity invoke,
And I, silly I, still believ'd all they spoke.

They tickled my pride, but my heart still was
free,
Not one of them all was a conquest for me;
'Till young Strephon advanc'd, and quickly he
taught,
What I, silly I, to that moment had sought.

With good breeding and sense his love he declar'd,
Not like the vain fops who before had appear'd;
His expressions were sweet, and sprung from his
mind,
And I, happy I, to my Strephon was join'd.

SONG

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SONG 243.

HUGH MORGAN'S Lamentation.

AT Llantavre, Got ples her, a place of
renown, [town,
Hur was brought up, and porn, 'twas a prafe gallant
Hur father, Got ples her, did keep a goot house,
Where never was lack of goot putting and sowse.
*Oh the house of hur father, hur father's goot house,
Where never was lack of goot putting and sowse,
Prafе barra-mennin * and goot † barra-chowse ;
And was it not, look you, a plentiful house.*

Hur father, Got ples her, was prafe gallant man,
A shentleman, look you—and Morgan her name,
Great wonders hur did in the wars of the place,
Which caus'd many scars on hur worship's goot
face. *Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

So great was hur might, her strength and hur power,
For hur sprung from the loins of great Owen
Glendour,

Hur slew many shiants, reliev'd many maids,
A knight of great valour—but a cobbler by trade,
Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Of dunnocks and goats hur had goot store and
plenty ;

Of leeks a great garden, with cabbages dainty ;
An old woodcock's bill for a pipe—with goot
liquor,

To comfort hur nose when hur sat in hur wicker.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Now

Bread and Butter. † Bread and Cheese.

Now hur father was tead—oh peace to hur relique,
 Hur was tead of the wind in hur guts and the colic,
 Hur house, goots and chattles hur left to her son,
 Who was look'd at by all as a triving young
 man. *Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

But the first of great March, on St. Taffid's great
 day.

As thorough Llantavre hur took her best way,
 With hur leek in hur hat, to the show hur was
 going,

With Shenkin and Morgan, and Watkin and Owen.
Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Now as hur was passing the folks all among,
 Sweet Winnefred's face her beheld in a throng;
 St. David, how great was poor Hughy's surprise!
 When hur felt the sharp nettles that shot from hur
 eyes.

*Oh the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones,
 Which makes hur sit sopping with sighings and
 groans,*

*Making hur moans, sighings and groans,
 Oh the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones.*

The very first shaft hur receiv'd from her quiver,
 Went thorough her breastbone, and stuck in hur
 liver,

Hur plood poil'd and puppled and glow'd in a
 trice,

But Winnefred's, look you, was frozen as ice.

Oh the marfelous eyes, &c.

By Chesu hur swore hur wou'd pluck up a courage,
 Hur went to hur and swore hur was as good as
 leek porrage,

But hur
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But hur gimlet hur cock'd with an eye of disdain,
Which pierc'd hur heart thorough and thorough
again. *Oh, the marfelous eyes, &c.*

Hur told hur in many sweet ditty and carol,
Hur love was as great as her anceltors were all,
But in vain those sweet ditties and carols hur fung,
Unheeded hur harp hur so often had strung.

Oh, the marfelous eyes, &c.

Cot splutter hur swore, for hur was in a passion,
Hur would hate all such jades as the plagues of
a nation.

But the flut was so cruel hur spit in hur face,
A sign hur was lack of good preeding and grace.

Oh, the damnable eyes of Miss Winnefred Shones.

So now hur will pack up her alls and be going,
And leave off such priples and praples as loving,
Farewel to Llantavre of faired renown,

Hur'll seek hur goot fortune in London fine town,

Then adieu to the house, oh, hur father's fine house.

Where never was lack of goot pudding and sorwse,

Prafe barra-mennin, and goot barra-chowse ;

Oh, was it not look you—a plentiful house.

SONG 244.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

THO' Austria and Russia, France, Flanders
and Prussia,

Have Heroes who claim Truth's attention,
In the roll of fair fame, as he took down each name,

Some Britons I said he should mention :

† E e

And

And since we have men, who are worthy his pen,
 Who for England act nobly as can be,
 When he saw me persist, then he open'd his list,
 And in front stood the Marquis of Granby.

Old Time shook his scythe as he tott'ring stood by,
 His iron teeth dreadfully grated,
 But the sad looking crone clear'd his brow from a
 When Fame had my errand related ; [frown ;
 The cheeks of the churl with a smile seem'd to
 curl,
 And he answer'd me pleasant as can be,
 Saith the single-lock'd seer, friend, this point's
 pretty clear,
 We all love the Marquis of Granby.

Like curs in the manger let malecontents rave,
 And talk how enfeebled our race is,
 That our fathers were manly, were vig'rous and
 brave,
 And their hearts we might read in their faces;
 What our ancestors were, at present we are,
 I can prove it as plainly as can be,
 Let them that would see what a Briton should be,
 Behold but the Marquis of Granby.

Had the cynic Diogenes liv'd to this day,
 He'd thrown down his lanthorn to view him ;
 He's esteem'd by the good, and ador'd by the gay,
 And foxhunters hark away to him ;
 By his monarch sent over to break the French
 cover,
 With bold pack as staunch as staunch can be,
 Of British true blues who to hunt the French chuse,
 When led by the Marquis of Granby.

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Bigot Spain has vast wealth, fickle France has rich
 The Italians show marvellous banners, [wines,
 The Indians may boast of emerald fill'd mines,
 But Lincolnshire boasts of its Manners ;
 The diamond when worn, may the wearer adorn,
 And sparkle as brilliant as can be,
 But a flash from such toys are momentary joys,
 For the jewel of Grantham is Granby.

Now the hazards of war for a season subside,
 His country commands not his duty :
 Blow winds to his wishes, be safety his guide,
 To England, love, friendship, and beauty.
 From what do ye call Paderborn, may he happy
 return,
 Aye, quickly too, quickly as can be ;
 What shall we say then ? Why there's Granby
 again ;
 And again to the Marquis of Granby.

S O N G 345.

A S O N G and no S O N G,

About EVERY-THING and NOTHING.

Written in the year 1756.

I Sing not of war, neither sing I of peace,
 Nor wantons my muse on the pleasures of ease;
 I sing not of Bacchus, nor sing I of Venus,
 Of England or France, or the quarrel between us.
Derry down, &c.

What care I how quickly Crown-point may sur-
render,

How soon the Monarque will play off his pretender?
Let him send forty thousand to raise a commotion,
We can spare room enough for 'em all—in the
ocean.

I sing not of Grecian, or Roman mad heroes,
Of Cæsar's high deeds, or of impious Nero's,
The learning of Plato, the language of Tully,
A Cato's stiff-neck, or the Macedon Bully.

I sing not the longitude *mist on*, or *hit on*,
The schemes of the French, or the prowess of
Britain,
Such things have been sung of by twenty before,
And will for aught I know, by twice twenty more.

I sing not affairs of the church or the state,
The craft of the priests, or intrigues of the great.
What to me, if N-wc-st-e will still keep his place,
Or P—tt prove too honest at last for his grace.

I sing not the fop with his fair weather face,
His box of perfumes, or his awkward grimace;
Who brags of amours with each impudent doxy,
Or laying so oft with my lady——by proxy.

I sing not the ogling coquet's pretty arts,
Whole smiles make us slaves, or whose frowns
break our hearts;
Who scorns to comply till her bloom is decay'd,
And repenting too late dies a wrinkled old maid.

I sing no
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I sing not the prude's hypocritical airs,
Surrounded with whale-bone, surrounded with
cares ;

Who hates all the men, almost faints at the sight,
And for fear of the Rakes lies with Lackey at
night.

I sing not Miss Fanny, nor set I before you,
The abandon'd exploits of the daughters of Drury.
Nor says, nor supposes, the chaste blushing muse,
That ladies retire from the court to the stews.

I sing not the peevish old-maid's wicked malice,
Still blaming her sex, and reproving its follies ;
Who calls every bright-blooming beauty a strumpet,
Because one has offers t'other would jump at.

I sing not the scold that's eternally bawling
Eternally ranting, and roaring, and squalling,
Nor sing I poor hen-peck'd and hornify'd spouse,
Whom, to bring in gallants, madam kicks out
o' th' house.

I sing not the hot-headed heiress' schemes,
Or the buxom young virgin's extatical dreams ;
In raptures refin'd nightly tossing and turning,
And cursing th' unwelcome approach of the
morning,

I sing not the blood, storming windows and doors,
Demolishing watchmen, and beating up whores ;
With constables bravely maintaining the fight,
And lodging secure in a roundhouse all night.

I sing not the sot that's eternally toping,
With mouth to receive, or emit ever open ;

Who swears that all earthly enjoyment and pleasure,
Is to drink without end, and to drink without measure.

I sing not of schemes of the deep politician,
To humble the French, and bring down their ambition;

And make their grand Monarque, *ab armis* & *avi*.
On stool penitential to cry out *peccavi*.

I sing not how sagely his provident care,
Builds forts in Virginia, and castles in—air;
When, alas! all the profits his policy yields,
Is gratis procuring a seat in Moor-fields.

I sing not the hermit immur'd in a cell,
Where rigour in rage, without wisdom, may dwell;
Nor sing I the sordid still-heaping-up miser,
Growing just as much rich, as t'other grows wiser.

I sing not what damsels have wish'd to recover,
Their honour resign'd, when the transport was over;

Nor sing I the sweet tempting rose-bud in June,
'The fervour of May, or—the man in the moon.

But my hearers cry, what the pox would'st thou
be at?

Thou sing'st not of this, neither sing'st thou of that:

Then a fig for the critics, however they bawl,
Because I sing—*Nothing*, 'faith, *Nothing at all*.

SONG 346.

I Write to true Britons, I mean not the men,
But to women of spirit, to do all they can,

To stand for their rights, as they would for their
lives, [wives.

And prove to the world that they're true British

May each girl that wants spirit, be wed to a churl,
Let such be insipid, and stupidly dull,
Be grave and look gloomy, till you can provoke
Some chat, that may end in an innocent joke.

Shall we tamely to turbulent spouses submit ?
Who only find fault, why ? because they think fit :
When my husband turns Turk, and can prove I've
no soul,
I'll be blindly obedient, nor dare to controul.

Since our men are great heroes and conquer their
foes,

Shall we women want courage one man to oppose ?
Since our fires, and our offspring, can fight one to
ten,

Let's prove ourselves worthy of brave British men.

In ages long past, from a great eastern king.
That women were strongest, good proof I can
bring,

Then if we, with a British King plac'd on the
throne, [none.

Won't stand for our rights, we deserve to have

Let's be heroines all, and stand up for the truth,
Grave matron, fine lady, poor woman, or youth,
If we're wrong, let us own it, but if we are right,
Cry freedom and property with all our might,

Then all act like Sarah, and you will be prais'd,
Be never affrighted, nor ever amaz'd ;
But stand for your rights as you would for your lives,
That your husbands may know when they've got
British wives. S O N G

SONG 247.

The ORIGIN of the TRUE BLUE SOCIETY
In IRELAND.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *To all you ladies now at land.*

ONE evening at ambrosial treat,
From her ætherial tour,
Minerva the nine Muses met,
In Ida's sacred bower ;
Apollo and gay Bacchus join,
For hand in hand walk wit and wine.
With my fal de rol, &c.

Pallas the swimming dance begun,
Her hair a fillet bound,
Blue, like her eyes, the bandage shewn,
Her sapient temples crown'd ;
Which, loosen'd in the dance, dropt down,
And Bacchus snatch'd the azure zone.
With my fal de rol, &c.

The ribbon on his breast he plac'd,
By Styx, then swore the youth ;
What had the throne of wisdom grac'd,
Shou'd grace the seat of truth :
At once then ope his robe he threw,
And on his bosom beam'd True Blue.
With my fal de rol, &c.

If mortals can give garters fame,
And honours form on earth ;
Sure deities may do the same,

And

And give one order birth :
 This ribbon, lov'd celestials view,
 And stamp your sanction on True Blue.
With my fal de rol, &c.

Urania prais'd the rosy god,
 Her tuneful sisters join ;
 Minerva gave th' assenting nod,
 Phœbus enroll'd the sign :
 Along the skies loud pæans flew,
 Olympus join'd, and hail'd True Blue.
With my fal de rol, &c.

This order Iris bore to earth,
 The gods enjoin'd the fair,
 Where first she found out sons of worth,
 To leave the ribbon there :
 From clime to clime she searching flew,
 And in Hibernia left True Blue.
With my fal de rol, &c.

SONG 248.

BRITAIN'S REMEMBRANCE.

For the years 1758 and 1759.

COME listen a while and I'll tickle your ears,
 With a few little vict'ries, by which it ap-
 pears

We have gain'd from the French in two little years.
Which no body can deny, deny, &c.

We have beat them my boys, and I'll hold you a
 pound, [ground,
 We shall beat them, my boys, upon sea or dry
 We shall beat them as long as the world goes
 round. *Which no body, &c.*

With Guardalupe first I embellish my strain ;
Then a cluster of forts crowd into my brain,
Crown-Point, Frontenac, Niagara, Duquesne.

Which no body, &c.

Quebec we have taken, and taken Breton ;
Though the coast was as steep, that a man might
as soon,

As the Frenchmen imagin'd, have taken the moon.

Which no body, &c.

Senegal we have taken, and taken Goree,
And thither we trade for our blacks, do you see,
For who should buy slaves but they that are free.

Which no body, &c.

Then at Minden you know, we defeated our foes,
Tho' our horseteeth aloof without coming to blows,
And why no body's hang'd for it, no body knows.

Which no body, &c.

Boscawen at Lagos, and Hawke in the Bay,
Your vict'ries had I but room to display,
I'm sure I should not have done singing to-day.

Which no body, &c.

O what is become of the fleet out of Brest,
Some are burnt, some are taken, and where are
the rest ?

Why some are fled east, and some are fled west.

Which no body, &c.

Some ten fathom deep in the sea may be found,
And some in the river Villaine are a-ground,
Where they lie very safe, but not very found.

Which no body, &c.

Let France then all title to glory resign,
For these years shall unmatch'd in our histories shine,
The renown'd *Fifty-eight*, and the great *Fifty-nine*.

Which no body can deny, deny, &c.

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SONG 249. THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly, to mourn;
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
 clear,

While lav'rocks are singing ;
 And primroses springing ;

Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :]

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith ev'ning and morning ;

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

SONG 250. AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,

Tho' they return with scars ?

These are the noble hero's lot,

Obtain'd in glorious wars :

Welcome

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay :
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball :
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the powers above :

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A Parody

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Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest'd,
 And put them out of pine.

S O N G 251. For the MALL.

A Parody on Mr. WHITEHEAD's Song for Ranelagh.

YE foplings, and prigs, and ye wou'd-be smart
 things,

Who move in wide commerce's round,
 Pray tell me from whence this absurdity springs,
 All orders of rank to confound;
 What means the bag-wig, and the soldier-like air,
 On the tradesman obsequious and meek?
 Sure sabbaths were meant for retirement and pray'r,
 To amend the past-faults of the week.

The youth, to whom battles and dangers belong,
 May call a fierce look to his aid,
 Lace, bluster, and oaths, and a sword an ell long,
 Are samples he gives of his trade:
 But you, on whom London indulgently smiles,
 And whom counters should guard from all ills,
 Shou'd slyly invade with humility's wiles,
 Lest splendor deter us from bills.

Old Gresham, whose statue adorns the exchange,
 Displays the grave cit to our view,
 And silently frowns at a conduct so strange,
 So remote from your interests and you:
 Then learn from his gesture, grave, decent and
 plain,

To copy fair Prudence's rules ;
 For Frugality's garb will conceal your vast gain,
 And secure ye the plunder of fools.

The ease of a court, and the air of a camp,
 Are graces no cit can procure ; [tramp,
 Monsieur Jourdain * still plods in the Spitalfield's
 Nor can Hart the grown awkwardness cure :
 Thus if, apes of the fashion, St. James's you croud,
 And press onwards in spite of all stops,
 The Mall you may fill, and be airy and loud,
 But trust me you'll ne'er fill your shops.

SONG 252.

The same is intitled & called MOLLY'S DELIGHT
 a nexcellent new Ballit by the *Kritikal Sofiaty*.

Sung by Bess Tatter at corner of Blow-bladder-street.

YOUNG Strafron he went t'other day to the
 wake,

For sum huckle-my-buff and a ginger-bred kake ;
 But oh he was bobbish and joyous and jolly,
 When on the gay green he diskiver'd his Molly.

Dear Molly she came all along the gay green,
 As fine as a horie or a ginger-bred queen ;
 Young Strafron he buse'd her, and made her a bow,
 And look'd if so be as he could not tell how.

With that thay begun without any pother,
 A talking of this, and of that, and of t'other ;
 And tho' she would pish, and wou'd cry, let me go,
 He hugg'd her likewise, and he squeege'd her also.

Come

* Vide MOLIERE's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

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Come all ye young youths of Saint Larince's parish,
 Who loves every thing that is finish and rarish,
 Be joyous and bucksome, and bobbish and jolly,
 Sing Molly and Strafron, and Strafron and Molly.

S O N G 253. On The FAMOUS.

AT length, Mother Gunter, the gods hear my
 pray'r,

They have heard me at length Mother Gunter,
 You are grown an old woman, yet romp, drink,
 and swear,

And affect the tricks of a young bunter.

You invoke, with a voice that tremblingly squeaks,
 Brisk Cupid, tho' sure of denial;
 He shuns you, and basks on the blossomy cheeks
 Of Miss Gubbins, who plays on the viol.

He flies by the trunk that is sapless and bare,

To the pliant young branches he comes up :
 Age has hail'd on thy face, and has snow'd on thy
 hair,

And thy green teeth have eat all thy gums up.

Nor thy sack, nor thy necklace, thy watch nor
 thy ring,

Have recall'd thee to youth, or retarded
 Those years, which old Time, and his friend Vin-
 cent Wing,

In the almanack long have recorded.

Oh where is that beauty, that bloom and that
 grace,

Those lips which cou'd breathe inspiration,

Which stole me away from myself, and gave place
To no creature but Nan in the nation ?

But poor Nan is dead, and has left you her years
As a legacy, which gracious heaven
Has join'd to your own, which a century clears,
And is just, ma'm, the age of a raven.

Then remain a memento to each jolly soul,
Who of Venus's club's a staunch member.
That love hot as fire must be burnt to a coal,
As the broomstick concludes in ember.

S O N G 254.

Wrote for the SWEET-BRIAR Club.

(A Backsword so called)

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Come let us prepare.*

YE lads, who approve,
Of wit, wine and love,
And to be thought bucks would aspire,
Come, chorus my lays,
While I sing forth the praise
Of the mighty reformer Sweet Briar,

Ye husband, whose wives,
Lead you terrible lives,
And much castigation require ;
At a touch they'd obey,
If you once knew the way,
But to manage the magic Sweet Briar.

The

The youth, who will swear,
 Blab, or boast of the fair,
 Tho' too often, alas! he's a liar?
 Bring him up to the sword,
 He'll recant ev'ry word,
 Beholding the blade of Sweet Briar.

Ye priests, who tithes gorge,
 And the laity scourge,
 From his holiness down to the friar;
 The conclave ne'er taught,
 Nor Ignatius ne'er thought,
 On a discipline like to Sweet Briar.

Had I trebly the gift,
 Of Dan Pope, or Dean Swift,
 Or could tell a tale, equal to Prior,
 Yet it all would not do,
 There is still something new,
 To be said on well-sharpen'd Sweet Briar.

Wives, widows, or maids,
 Who can best judge of blades,
 Did you see it, it's size you'd admire;
 For use, 'tis kept fit,
 'Tis as keen as your wit,
 And as bright as your eyes, is Sweet Briar.

This, at Culloden carv'd,
 This, Britannia preserv'd,
 'Twas this made rebellion retire;
 Not they who Troy took,
 Cou'd more hero-like look,
 Than the men who that day drew Sweet Briar

'Twas us'd to oppose,
 Banditti-like foes,

And again shou'd, if times did require,
 Now 'tis drawn in defence,
 Of our friend, common sense,
 For our reason we trust with Sweet Briar.

If dulness shou'd dare,
 Among us interfere,
 Forcing wit with a blush to retire ;
 'Tis resolv'd on, *Nem. Con.*
 Swearing, humbug, and pun
 Shall their sentence receive from Sweet Briar.

Hand in hand let's unite,
 And in folly's despite,
 Real merit we'll strive to acquire ;
 Like men let us think,
 And like men let us drink,
 Here's success to the blades of Sweet Briar.

SONG 255.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune : *Why heaves my fond bosom ?*

'TIS love, spite of laws, will its empire maintain,
 No council confines it, no rules can restrain ;
 Then cease, rigid parents, your daughters to chide,
 In vain are all precepts, love's still the best guide.

What's fortune, fame, titles, wealth, equipage,
 birth ?

Like plants, but the simple productions of earth ;
 But

But love, like the sun, beams a light thro' the
whole,
And as one warms the earth, t'other lights up the
soul.

When mutual endearments we mutually prove,
And the fond pair receive and return equal love;
Then each tender fibre with extacy swells,
And the furious embrace thro' each artery thrills.

When words inly murmur'd proclaim the swift
bliss,
And life, at each lip, is kept in by a kiss;
'Till sighs, like soft breezes, love's tempests suc-
ceed,
As in calms after whirlwinds, all nature seems dead.

Ye youth, who Narcissus-like, doat on dear self,
Ye beauties, perplex'd betwixt merit and pelf,
Wou'd you wish not to waste, but enjoy ev'ry day,
'Tis love, not self-love, must shew you the way.

Youth flies like a shaft that swift skims 'midst the
air,
No trace will remain that it ever pass'd there;
Then while you are young, be not youthful in vain,
Did you once taste the bliss, oh! you'd taste it again.

You cannot keep beauty as misers hoard gold,
'Tis too late to repent, to repent when you're old;
Ask your heart what you're made for? 'twill beat
quick to man;
Then while fit for enjoyment, enjoy all you can.

S O N G

[344]
SONG 256.

By Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Tune: *Farewell to Lochaber.*

THE sportsman may boast of his well scented
hound;
Each day let the coxcomb in dawdling confound,
The statesman may vaunt of political schemes;
Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd dreams;
Let the night-wasting learned, their volumes unfold,
Give the toper his bottle, the miser his gold;
'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking, wit, state, I
protest,
'Tis woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.
Tho' birds in shrill symphonies, sing o'er our heads,
And Flora's gay paintings enamel the meads;
Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow the
trees,
So warm shines the sun, and so cool breathes each
breeze;
The odour of spices, the pure crystal stream,
Each nice gift of nature I nobly esteem;
Yet birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can ne'er stand
the test,
With woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.
In sickness, in prison, in want, in despair,
What woe can we feel, if fond woman is there?
The nostrum of nature, the med'cine of life,
In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a wife;
For think not, ye fair, that these praises are paid
To the miser-like virgin, the green-sickness maid;
Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your plan,
And you useless exist, till you're finish'd by man.

SONG

SONG 258. THE STOCKING.

A BURLESQUE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

SYLVIA, whose eyes are fatal as a gun,
 Sat basking in the sun,
 One stocking off, the other on :
 One stocking off, for why ? the gentle fair
 Just then was minded to repair
 A breach her fragrant foot had made ;
 The faithful Damon, at her side,
 Intent the neat performance ey'd,
 And thus in plaintive numbers sung, or said.

AIR.

Nymph possess'd of ev'ry grace,
 Nice in finger as in face,
 See thy swain, all pale and shocking,
 Worn as thin as any stocking.
 Think, ah ! think on what he feels :
 And darn a heart that's out at heels.

RECITATIVE.

Around the careless maid
 To mortal eyes
 Resembling flies
 A swarm of buzzing cupids play'd.

AIR.

Happy insects ! Damon cry'd,
 Who at wanton leisure sip,
 Balmy bliss to me deny'd,
 On my Sylvia's pouting lip.

See from ev'ry pore distils
 Liquid essence of the rose,
 Pearly drops in ruby rills,
 Each exuding feature shows.

RECITATIVE.

Fair Sylvia as she sat,
 Simper'd attention underneath her hat.
 Fond love came on apace :
 A gracious grin
 Prolongs her chin,
 And open flew the portal of her face.
 Quick down the rosy road
 A little subtle god
 Explores the dark abode.
 And spite of all her coyness, all her art,
 Pervades the soft meanders of her heart.

AIR.

Heigh ho ! Damon, what's come to me ?
 Damon, now's your time to woo me.
 If you woo me now, you'll win me ;
 Sure, I think, the Devil's in me.
 I can neither stay nor go,
 Damon, now's your time, heigh ho !

SONG 258. THE BEGGAR.

A Beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be,
 For none live a life so jovial as he.
 A beggar I was, and a beggar I am,
 A beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came ;
 And if that it happens our trading shou'd fall,
 We in the conclusion shall beggars be all ;
 Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
 And few men are thriving but courtiers and players.
 A craver my father, a maunder my mother,
 A filer my sister, a filcher my brother,
 A canter my uncle, who values no pelf,
 A lister my aunt, and a beggar myself ;

In

In white wheaten straw, when their bellies were full,
 There I was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull;
 And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
 For none lives a life so jovial as he.

When boys they come to us, and say their intent is
 To follow our calling, we ne'er bind 'em prentice;
 Soon as they come to't we learn 'em to do't,
 We give them a staff and a wallet to boot;
 We lend them our lingo, to crave and to cant,
 So the devil is in it if e'er they can want:
 Therefore he or she that a beggar will be,
 Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens
 We feast it on pigs, pullets, conies or capons;
 For churchmen's affairs we are no men-slayers,
 We have no religion, yet live by our prayers;
 And oft when we beg and men draw not their
 purses,
 We charge and give fire with a volley of curses;
 The devil confound your good worship we cry,
 And such a bold brazen-face beggar am I.

We do things in season, and have so much reason,
 We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason;
 We bill with our mates at very low rates,
 Yet some keep their quarters as high as their gates,
 With Shenkin or Morgan or Lounfman or Teague,
 We into no covenant enter, or league;
 And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
 For none leads a life so jovial as he.

For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,
 We never do fear being drawn upon sledges;
 Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip,

And then we from tithing to tithing do trip;
But when in a poor boozing ken we do bib it,
We are more afraid of the stocks than the gibbet;
And if from the stocks we keep out our feet,
We fear not the compter, king's-bench, or the fleet.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame,
And when a coach comes we hop to our game;
We seldom miscarry, nor ever do marry,
By gown, common-prayer, or clerk-directory :
But Simon and Susan, like birds of a feather,
They laugh and they kiss and they lie down to-
gether;
Like pigs in the peas entangled they lie,
And there they begot such a bold rogue as I.

SONG 259.

In Honour of the Celebration of the BOAR'S HEAD,
AT QUEEN'S-COLLEGE, OXFORD;

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

I Sing not of Roman or Grecian mad games,
The Pythian Olympic, and such like hard names;
Your patience a while with submission I beg,
I strive but to honour the feast of Coll. Reg.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

No Thracian brawls at our rites ever prevail,
We temper our mirth with plain sober mild ale ;
The tricks of old Circe deters us from wine ;
Tho' we honour a boar, we won't make ourselves
swine. *Derry down, &c.*

Derry down, &c.
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Great Milo was famous for slaying his ox,
 Yet he prov'd but an ass in cleaving of blocks:
 But we had a hero, for all things was fit,
 Our motto displays both his valour and wit.

Stout Hercules labour'd, and look'd mighty big
 When he slew the half-starv'd erymanthian Pig,
 But we can relate such a stratagem taken,
 That the stoutest of boars, cou'd not *save his own*
bacon.

So dreadful this bristle-back'd foe did appear,
 You'd have sworn he had got the wrong *pig by*
the ear ;
 But instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,
 He ramm'd in a volume, and cry'd—*Græcum est.*

In this gallant action such fortitude shewn is,
 As proves him no coward, or tender Adonis ;
 No armour but Logic ; by which we may find
 That Logic's the bulwark of body and mind.

Ye squires that fear neither hills nor rough rocks,
 And think you're full wise, when ye outwit a fox ;
 Enrich your poor brains and expose them no more,
 Learn Greek, and seek glory from hunting the boar.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G 260. The BEAU.

A WIG that's full, an empty skull,
 A box of burgamot ;
 A hat ne'er made to fit the head,
 No more than that to plot :
 A hand that's white, a ring that's right,

† G g

Λ

A sword-knot, patch and feather ;
A gracious smile, and grounds and oil,
Do very well together.

A smatch of French, but none of sense,
All conqu'ring airs and graces ;
A tune that thrills, a leer that kills,
Stol'n flights and borrow'd phrases ;
A chariot gilt, to wait on jilt,
An aukward pace and carriage ;
A foreign tour, domestic whore,
And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham, with d—mme, ma'am,
A smock-face, tho' a tann'd one ;
A peaceful sword, not one wise word,
But stare and prate at random ;
Duns, bastards, claps, and amorous scraps
Of Cælia and Amadis,
Tofs up a' beau, that grand ragou,
That hotch-potch for the ladies.

S O N G 261.

A F R E E M A S O N ' S Song.

ONCE I was blind and cou'd not see,
And all was dark around ;
But providence did pity me,
And soon a friend I found ;
Thro' secret paths my friend me led ;
Such paths as babblers never tread.

All stumbling blocks he took away,
That I might walk secure ;
And brought me long ere break of day,
To wisdom's temple door ;

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Where there we both admittance found,
To mystic paths on hallow'd ground.

Tho' haughty in my bold attempt,
Blest thoughts did me alarm ;
Which hinted I was not exempt
(If rash) from double harm ;
Which quickly stopt my rising pride,
And made me trust more to my guide.

In solemn pace I was led up,
And pass'd thro' the bright dome,
But soon I was obliged to stop,
Till I myself made known ;
Then round in ancient form was brought,
For to obtain that which I sought.

With humble heart in proper form,
I listen'd with good will ;
And found, instead of noise and storm,
That all was hush'd and still ;
And soon a heav'nly sound did hear,
That quite dispell'd all doubt and fear.

The guardian of this mystic charm,
In shining jewels drest ;
Said, that I need fear no harm,
If faithful was my breast ;
For tho' to rogues he was severe,
No harm an honest man need fear.

Bright wisdom from his awful throne,
Bid darkness to withdraw ;
No sooner said but it was done,
And then—great things I saw ;
But what they were—I now won't tell,
But safely in my breast shall dwell.

Then round and round me did he tie
 An ancient noble charm ;
 Which future darkneſs will defy,
 And ward off cowans' harm ;
 With instruments in number three,
 'To learn the art of Geometry.

S O N G 262. Another.

COME fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
 Let mirth and good fellowſhip always abound ;
 And let the world ſee,
 That free-maſonry,
 Doth teach honeſt hearts to be jovial and free.

Our lodge now compos'd of honeſt free hearts,
 Our maſter moſt freely his ſecrets imparts ;
 And ſo we improve,
 In knowledge and love,
 By help from the mighty grand maſter above.

Let honour and friendſhip eternally reign,
 Let each brother maſon the truth ſo maintain ;
 That all may agree,
 That free-maſonry,
 Doth teach honeſt hearts to be jovial and free.

In mirth and good fellowſhip we will agree,
 For none are more bleſt or more happy than we ;
 And thus we'll endure,
 While our actions are pure,
 Kind heaven thoſe bleſſings to us doth inſure.

S O N G

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SONG 263. MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her;
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting shot;
 And syne came ben the las,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speard at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's none fall hae its maik,
 The las bound in her snood,
 And Crumie wha kens her stake:
 With an auld bedden o' claihs,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither,
 A house is butt and benn,
 And Crumie will want her fother.

The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We have nouthier pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
'Twa good stils to the pleugh,
And ye your sell maun steer:
Ye shall hae twa good pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the groats,
The ither to had the meal:
With an auld kist made of wands,
And that fall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare:
The saddle's nane of my ain,
An thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun take to my coots;
The clock is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look fae crouse;
Come fill us a cogue of swats,
We'll mak na mair toom rouse.

I like you well, young lad,
For telling me fae plain,
I married when little I had,
O' gear that was my ain.
But sin that things are fae,

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The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth,
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither :
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.

The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,
 An they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

S O N G 264.

LET soldiers fight for pay or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish.
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul ;
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear ;
 Pure wine is native red and white.
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul ;
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively, which before was dull ;
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flows from cup brimful.
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives the soul ;
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Some

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife and some a punk ;
 Some men want wit, and others wealth,
 But they want nothing who are drunk.
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul,
 Therefore give us the charming bowl.

SONG 265.

THE HUM.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
 heart,
 While thus we sit round on the——Stay !
 What business have I an old song to impart,
 When I, sirs, a new one can say, can say,
 When I, sirs, a new one can say.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do ?
 Or what best will my bad voice become ?
 Why faith, sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,
 That life is alas ! but a Hum, &c.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when
 they die,
 At death they most wretched look glum ;
 At our entrance and exit we equally cry,
 Which proves our life's plainly a Hum, &c.

Behold the coquette, with a circle beset,
 Fish for hearts by the bait of her bloom ;

Tho'

Tho' she melts in each look, as by each lover
took,

Yet her softness is merely a Hum, &c.

Law and physic, you see, will make sure of their
fee,

No advice to you gratis will come ;

Nay, the court proves it true, money only will do,
For merit without it's a Hum, &c.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll
mend,

And vow to your service they'll come ;

But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,
Modern friendship is merely a Hum, &c.

When some ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,
(But let us be modest and mum)

At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,
Religion with them is a Hum, &c.

In a Hum let's keep off (till we've liquor enough)
Our landlord, from ent'ring the room :

In the joke to succeed, we'll declare to Jack Speed,
That his reckoning we'll pay by a Hum, &c.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd
into earth,

To an end of our jokes then we come :

Take your glass my brisk brother, and I'll take
another,

And let's make the most of a Hum, a Hum,

And let's make the most of a Hum.

S O N G

SONG 266. THE TOASTS.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

NOW Europe enjoys a repose from her wars
And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless
of scars,

Lads, list under love, and your lessons I'll teach,
To your breast-work advance, boys ; and batter in
breach.

Sing tantara-rara toasts all, toasts all.

'Tis Venus commands, for engagement prepare,
In Cupid's campaigns, our foes are all fair ;
As fair let us fight, and make proper seizure,
Here's a health to our ensign the standard of
Pleasure.

The wish of the sportsman shall first be recounted,
Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted :
The lover in this toast has likewise a share,
For he, huntsman like, is for seizing the hare.

Ye sportsmen ! whose stomachs for feeding are fit,
Come here, and I'll give you four hams on one
spit :

And least you should think yourselves not fully
fitted.

Here's the meat that best bastes itself when 'tis
best spitted !

Charge with bumpers in hand, to your lips the
glass lift,

May we never want courage when put to a shift !
And that we may never of happiness miss,
May we kiss whom we please, and please whom
we kiss !

Ye bucks ! once again let your glasses be seiz'd,
Here's thee ye that weeps most, when 'tis best and
most pleas'd !

And still to go on with my favourite theme,
Here's to dying virginity unction extreme !

One health my brave boys, with your leave, I must
teach,

In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach ;
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best
friend,

And the bird who his life in that nest loves to
spend.

Let us now toast some females ; the first my muse
greet

Is the bookbinder's wife who well stitches in sheets !
Next the brown female reaper, who the harvest
will hand in,

And so well does her work, not an handful leaves
standing.

Here's the miller's wife's music ! worth all other
tones,

When the sluice is fet open will strong grind the
stones :

To the maker of baskets ! his wife's worth a bottle,
Who strips down the bark, and yet safe keeps the
wattle.

To the lass that's lamb-like be a bumper replete,
Who still wags her tail while she sucks at the teat !

Here's the ring of Hans Carvel, may every buck
win it ;

And to both equal joy in the critical minute !

Next

Next the housemaid so nice who is still on her
guard

To keep the stones clean and well scour the yard !
And her architect-sister, the joy of all people,
Who the stones can replace when sh'has pulled
down the steeple !

Here's the frugal young wife ! who her husband
befriends,

And carefully saves what he plentiful spends :
Here's the best of the sexes ! when both frequent
rally ;

Here's the clean pretty playhouse that's built in
smock alley !

Here's the marksman who never at shooting despairs,
Who a coney can hit 'midst a million of hairs !

Here's the wonder of roots ! fit for ladies to span,
That grows 'twixt two stones in the fam'd Isle of
Man.

Here's Bathsheba's cockpit ! where David stood
centry ;

Eve's custom-house ! where Adam made the first
entry ;

Here's the rough road of love, to the smooth
waterfall !

Nay, here's that in plain terms and that's one
word for all !

Remember, lads, life's but a summer's short day,
Then while our youth shines, let us joyful make hay ;
Joy is all we live for, let's equally share it,
Here's the harvest of life, love, wit, and good claret.

Sing tantara-rara toasts all, toasts all.

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